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Choice Poetry.

TOO LATE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Too late—too late! How heavily that phrase
Comes, like a knell, upon the shuddering ear,
Telling of slighted duties, wasted days,
Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear
Now quenched in gloom and darkness. Words like these
The worldling's callous heart must penetrate;
All that he might have been, in thought he sees,
And sorrows o'er his present wreck—too late.

Too late—too late! The prodigal, who strays
Through the dim groves and winding bowers of sin;
The cold and false deceiver, who betrays
The trusting heart he fondly toiled to win;
The spendthrift, scattering his golden store,
And left in age despised and desolate;
All may their faults confess, forsake, deplore,
Yet struggle to retrieve the past—too late.

Too late—too late! Oh, dark and fatal ban,
Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage?
There is, there is! but seek it not from man;
Seek for the healing balm in God's own page;
Read of thy Saviour's love, to Him repair;
He looks with pity on thy guilty state;
Kneel at His throne in deep and fervent prayer,
Kneel and repent, ere yet it be—too late.

Too late—too late! That direful sound portends
Sorrow on earth, but not immortal pain;
Thou may'st have lost the confidence of *friends*,
The love of kindred thou may'st ne'er regain;
But there is One above, who marks thy tears,
And opes for thee salvation's golden gate;
Come, then, poor mourner, cast away thy fears;
Believe, and enter—it is not too late!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE,"
"THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

In the meantime, Frank and Zuleime pursued their ride. As soon as they were out of sight and hearing of a band of field laborers, employed in cutting grass, and had entered the shady mountain path, Frank said,

"Well, Zuleime, my dearest girl, I spoke to your father—"

—"And his answer—I almost dread to hear it—yet I know what it was, too."

Frank nodded his head, and they rode on in silence for some minutes, broken at last by Frank, who suddenly exclaimed,

"*Zuleime!* you bear this so well!"

"Frank, you know this is no new thing to me; I have known it, and been prepared for it all along!" replied the girl, with a look of resignation.

"Oh, *Zuleime!* is there no way to prevent it?"

"None that I know of, Frank!"

"Zuleime! I was in every way his equal—why, when that is the case, and when I was supported by your voice, too—*why* was I rejected?"

The maiden shook her head.

"Zuleime, when is this hideous marriage expected to come off—do you know?"

"Whenever Major Cabell chooses to demand my hand, I believe!"

"Really! Upon my word! He is a personage of tremendous importance! Whenever *he* chooses to demand your hand!! Zuleime! that is passing strange! This affair seems then to rest entirely with Major Cabell!!!"

"Yes, it does entirely."

"Bless his Majesty. Zuleime, *what hold has that man on your father?*"

Zuleime shook her black ringlets mournfully, but did not reply.

"Do you know, my dear girl, that I am impressed with the idea that your father does not at heart wish to give you to Major Cabell, but rather yields to a strange power the man holds over him?"

"At times I have thought so, too. But then my dear father at other times really seems so set upon the marriage, that the thought has been driven out of my head again! I do not know what to think! But what I *do* know is, that I will never willingly do anything to give my dear father pain!"

"My dearest girl, do you know that I believe, from my soul, that your marriage with Major Cabell will give your father more pain than any other circumstance could!"

The young girl looked up in surprise.

"Zuleime! he told me to-day, that though he had promised you to Major Cabell, he would rather die than see you *unhappy*, or stand in the way of your *perfect* happiness!"

"My dear father! My dear, gentle father! My fond, old father!" exclaimed Zuleime, with the bright tears rolling on her damask cheeks, like dew on the red rose. "My kind, generous father! He shall never know that I am unhappy! And neither *shall* I be unhappy when pleasing him!"

"My dear, excellent girl! listen to me! You shall not be unhappy any way! Do you suppose, Zuleime, that I could ride by your side so cheerfully, if I thought you were going to marry that man, on whom your father no more wishes to bestow you, than he wishes to send you to perdition? Listen, my darling girl! When your father told me what I have repeated to you, he went on to say, that for certain *family* reasons, it was incumbent on him to fulfil his promise, and to bestow your hand upon Major Cabell, *unless some insurmountable obstacle should interpose to arrest the union!* Zuleime! a flood of light broke on me then! and I felt and knew that the old man would yield his darling daughter to the mysterious power exercised over him by Major Cabell, rather than bestow her with esteem and affection! Zuleime! without vanity, I think that he loves me better, and would prefer me for a son-in-law, if he were free to choose. I think, indeed I do, that he would hail with secret joy 'an insurmountable obstacle,' which would prevent the marriage, and not implicate him in any manner. I think that was what he meant when he said what he did. Still, I am convinced that the words slipped from him unintentionally. I am certain he did not mean to give me the hint, which, nevertheless, I take, for he is a man of strict honor, I know, and would never temper with the *spirit* of a promise any more than he would break the *words!*"

"Oh! no, he never would, indeed!"

"And again, my dearest girl, when I asked him just before we came away, whether, at any future time, under any possible contingency, I might hope to obtain his consent to our union, he assured me that I might not, and earnestly entreated me to forget you! That further convinced me that he had had no design in giving me the hint upon which I am about to act—do you hear me, dearest Zuleime?"

Zuleime did not, or at least did not appear to.

"Zuleime, my darling, my love," said Frank, dismounting in the path, and lifting her from her saddle, "I am about to raise 'an insurmountable obstacle' to your marriage with the Major!"

Zuleime turned deadly pale with surprise and terror, and glanced wildly around, while she fell upon his arm and seemed about to faint.

"Why, Zuleime! Come, come. What is the matter? Don't be afraid! What, afraid of me, of *Frank*, your playmate? Why, look up in my face and see! Come, lift up your head! I want to talk to you! There! there! Why, what are you afraid of? I will take no step without your consent, sweet Zuleime!"

The infinite tenderness of his words, tones and manner, reassured the frightened girl, and she raised her face, now suffused with blushes. He supported her with his arm around her waist, while he pointed down into a narrow glen to the right, and said,

"There! Look there, Zuleime. Do you see that little stone house—there in the bottom of the glen—there by the spring—but so much like the rocks, near it, and so deep in the shade as hardly to be distinguishable! Do you see it?"

"Yes," breathed the maiden, very low.

"Do you know who lives there?"

"No."

"A good old man! A saintly old man! A poor Baptist Missionary Preacher, who lives in that hut quite alone, and *preaches* there every Sunday to an humble congregation, composed of poor mountaineers and negroes. He has devoted his life to labor among the mountain people, and has done wonders in reforming them! Is it possible that you, living in the neighborhood, knew nothing of him?"

"Oh, yes! I have heard a great deal about Mr. Saunders, only I did not know where exactly his hut was. There are so many of them, you know!" said the girl, somewhat recovered, and much interested.

"My dearest Zuleime! we will go down to that hut! 'I see by the smoke, that so gracefully curls,' that the old man is at home. We will tell him the whole story, as far as we know it, and get him to raise that required insurmountable obstacle!"

"Oh! Frank!" exclaimed Zuleime, shocked, delighted, terrified, overjoyed.

"But, my dearest Zuleime! my dearest love! I have recorded an oath in Heaven, to save you from that marriage with Cabell! And I will never leave you until you are my wife. If you refuse now, I will throw up my commission in the army, and live there in that hut with the old parson, until you *do* consent!"

"But, my father, Frank! My dear father!"

"Dearest girl, he will be glad!" Here Frank went over the whole story again, and added, "And, Zuleime, have you no love, no pity left from your father to bestow upon the poor soldier who loves you so, and who is going out to the Indian frontier, where he may lose his scalp, or be burned alive, or eaten raw within a month by the red-skins? Will you refuse his last prayer?" etc., etc., etc. Over and over again, fervently, earnestly, imploringly, despairingly he repeated the argument and the prayer, while he held the maiden "half willing, half afraid."

"She who hesitates is lost," it is said.

Zuleime hesitated a long time, and, consequently, was lost to all eternity. What could she oppose, indeed, to what seemed so right and reasonable? With a deep sigh she yielded at last. There was no path that way down into the glen, and the descent was deep and precipitous, and overgrown with stunted cedar, pine and thorn bushes. So, Romeo and Juliet began to clamber down, by foot-holds of jagged rocks, and fist-holds of thorn bushes, to the great risk of wounded hands and torn pants and petticoats. And so it was in rather a disordered state of attire, as well as in an excited state of mind, that they at last arrived before the door of Father Lawrence's cell, and rapped. While they waited for the old man to appear, Frank, very much to the surprise of Zuleime, drew from his vest pocket a license—a regular *bona fide* license, signed by the clerk of R—— county, and sealed with the county seal. Resting his foot upon the door-step, he took off his hat, turned it down on his knee, laid the license upon its top, and drawing from his other pocket a travelling pen and ink case, proceeded to write the names of Francis Rutland Fairfax and Zuleime Devilliers Clifton in the blank spaces.

"You look surprised, my dearest girl," said he, as he returned the pen and ink case to his pocket. "You wonder how I came by this license? I will tell you. I have it by a stroke of the rarest good fortune. You know, being groomsman, I was entrusted with the duty of riding to L——, and procuring the marriage license for Archer and your sister. Well! when I arrived at the clerk's office, by the strangest caprice of memory, I entirely forgot Miss Clifton's middle name, so I got the clerk to give me one license filled out with the names of Carolyn Clifton and Archer Clifton, and then knowing how extremely punctillious you all are here, in this county, I procured another license regularly signed and sealed, but leaving blank spaces for the proper names of the parties! There, darling! that is the manner in which I came by it! Now, this blank one I fill up with our names, which I really think look quite as pretty as the others would! As for Clifton and your sister, if they want a license, they will have to put up with the first, which I will hand to Archer as soon as we get to Hardbargain. Bless my soul! what has become of that old man!" he exclaimed, rapping loudly, then trying the door and pushing it open. The house was empty. Frank looked dismally disappointed, but Zuleime plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered, hurriedly,

"Here he comes—behind you!"

And he turned to see the old preacher coming from the spring, bending under the light weight of a small pail of water. Frank immediately went to him, greeted him respectfully, and took from his hand the pail, and carrying it, walked by his side, 'till they reached the house. Lieutenant Fairfax, then introduced himself by name and station, and presented Miss Zuleime Clifton. The old man bowed and offered his hand, with a courtly grace, in strange contrast to his rude garb and rough habitation. He invited them to come in and sit down. And when they had entered, and Zuleime was seated, Frank took the old man aside, communicated the object of their call, and produced his license. The old man glanced from the earnest countenance of Frank to the blushing, downcast face of Zuleime, shook his bald head, and looked very grave.

Frank drew him off to the farthest corner of the little hut, made him sit down on the foot of his bed, seated himself by his side, and in a fervid, earnest, eloquent manner, told him their little story.

Many times the old man shook his thin, gray locks. They were not good things—these secret marriages—they never prospered. Marriage should be open as day—with the blessing of God—with the blessing of parents—with the sympathy of friends—with the good wishes of acquaintances to hallow and prosper the union.

"Oh!" said Frank, but this was an extraordinary occasion, the father was really at heart not opposed to this marriage, but circumstances compelled him to withhold his open consent—he himself, (Frank) was about to depart on a long journey, and merely wished to secure his bride against a forced marriage of convenience during his absence. In short, Frank recommenced the argument, and told it all over from beginning to end.

Still the old man shook his bald head and demurred.

Frank began the story over again, recited the whole of it, with many additions and improvements.

To no purpose—the old man was obdurate. Frank, then, half angrily, arose and said,

"Come, Zuleime! We must go on to the frontier together, and find somebody to marry us on the route, and let Mr. Saunders here be responsible for all trouble that may ensue, since with the license before him, he refuses to unite us." At this, Zuleime burst into tears and wept heartily.

The old preacher dropped his head upon his breast in troubled thought for some moments, and, whether the arguments of Frank had after all produced some effect, or whether he feared to encounter the responsibility of sending this wild young couple on their way unmarried, or whether he was moved to pity by the tears of Zuleime, or whether, as is more probable, *all* these considerations actuated him, I know not; but he slowly rose to his feet, uncovered his head, and lifted up his eyes in silent prayer awhile, then bade the young pair stand up, for that he would marry them.

Frank clasped the hand of Zuleime, and led her forward. And in less than fifteen minutes more, by the magic of a few words, the youth and maiden were man and wife. And while Mrs. Fairfax, with trembling white fingers, was tying her hat, Mr. Fairfax would have emptied the whole contents of his purse in the minister's hands,—but, though that money might have supplied the poor old preacher with many necessaries for which he really suffered, and made him very comfortable for a long time, yet he turned away his head, and put it away from him, saying,

"No, young man, I cannot take your gold; I may have erred in what I have done, but I did not do it for money."

"But you always take a fee, do you not?"

"From others I do—not from you. It would not be blessed."

The boyish brow of Frank clouded and darkened, but it cleared again instantly as he turned towards his bride.

They were about to bid the old minister adieu, when he took a hand of each, and joining them again, held them in his own, while he said—

"Children, if this thoughtless act bring you into much trouble, in the long, weary years of trial and suffering that may result from it, reproach *me* for my share in the rash deed as much as you please, but—" he paused and looked solemnly from one to the other,—"never, as you value love, and fidelity, and peace,—never, as you value the favor of Heaven, never reproach each other with it! So may God forgive, and bless, and prosper you! Good-bye!"

The young bride and groom had bowed their heads during this benediction, and at its close responded with a silent, heartfelt amen. They then left the cabin.

It the minister of God grievously erred in performing this secret marriage ceremony, he was soon called to account for it; the old man died that night.

As Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax left the cabin, they perceived Kate Kavanagh, on her little rough-coated mountain pony, coming straight down into the glen—her sure-footed little animal treading with perfect security the precipitous descent down which they had been obliged to clamber. Kate was looking very pale and care-worn, so that her ponderous abutting forehead, in its pallor, reminded Frank of a bare-bleached cliff. And, indeed, he thought that Kate's face looked more like that of an anxious politician, with the affairs of a nation on his shoulders, than of a grieved girl. But this was the fault of her marked features. But little time or thought had Mr. Fairfax to bestow upon the mountain-girl; so as soon as he caught sight of her, he turned in another direction, to avoid being recognized, saying,

"By all that's fatal, my dearest love, we were near being detected! And by all that's fortunate, we have escaped! Come, this way; we will take a stroll down the glen and into the forest for a little while, until this girl is clear of the way."

"Oh, but it will delay us so much, I shall not have time to go to Hardbargain, and assist Aunt Clifton, and get back home to dinner, as I promised!"

"*My dear!*" said Frank, reproachfully, "do you grudge me these last few hours of your society, when we are about to be separated so far and so long? Besides, you know you are my own dear wife now. Will you refuse?"

"No, no, I cannot! But, oh, let me return to father—my dear, fond, confiding father,—as soon as I promised! Let me keep the word of promise to his ear, if I have broken it to his hope!" cried Zuleime, bursting into a passion of tears.

Safe tears, and unobserved but by him who kissed them away, for already they had entered the thicket, and were veiled from the sight of Kate Kavanagh, who now dismounted before the door of the hut, and taking from the horns of the saddle a basket and a bundle, entered the poor preacher's humble habitation. We will turn from the erring pair and enter with her.—None but God knew how much disinterested good the poor mountain-girl did in this world. Even the minister, who loved and respected her, knew little beyond the good she did for him. He knew that she knit new stockings and darned old ones for him—that she took his scanty clothing every week, and mended, and washed, and ironed it for him—and that when she brought it back, she would always bring him butter, cream and cheese of her own making, and a fresh loaf of rising bread of her own baking, and often some little rural luxury besides, as a jar of honey or a piece of venison. And that she would stay and clean up his house before she left. He knew that she was his good spirit.

As Kate entered the room, the old man came and met her, and took the basket and the bundle from her hands and set them down, and set a chair for her, and made her sit down in it, while he said,

"My dear child! my excellent child, you do too much for me! You hurt yourself, Catherine, and make me too deeply your debtor!"

Kate waved her hand in that quick, short way peculiar to herself, silently beseeching him to stop.

"But it is the truth, Catherine, my child! I shall never be able to repay you!"

"Oh, *sir!* you have reversed the case! It is *I* who am *your* debtor! If I were not *particularly* your debtor for all the education—mental, and moral, and religious, that I have ever received, up to the time of my coming to Hardbargain—still I should be *generally* your debtor, as youth is the general debtor of age—owing it all the service it can give." Then, to change the subject, the girl laid off her straw hat, drew off her sheep-skin, home-made mittens, and arose and uncovered her basket, saying—"Instead of a loaf of rising bread, Mr. Saunders, I have brought you some fresh biscuits; I thought they might be an agreeable change. There is also a fresh print of butter, and a bottle of cream, and a beef's tongue, boiled—I thought the last would give you an appetite—I think you have not had a good appetite, lately!" And without more ado Catherine put the things away in the cupboard, setting the bottle of cream in a bowl of water, to keep cool, and wishing to herself that she had a lump of ice to put on the old man's print of butter. Next she unrolled the bundle, took the old man's nicely washed and mended clothes, and put them neatly away in the chest of drawers. Then she set the empty basket aside, rolled up her sleeves, stooped down upon the hearth, and began to make the fire, saying—"You know I have come to dine with you, to-day, Mr. Saunders!"

"I know you have come to bring me many comforts, and to cook my dinner, and clean up my house, and make me very comfortable, you good girl, my dear little Brownie!"

Catherine moved about, in her quick and quiet way—filled and put on the kettle—for the old man would always have his cup of tea—and set the table, placing all the little rarities she had brought upon it. When all was ready, and they sat down, the old man found leisure to observe that Kate ate nothing, and looked pale and thoughtful.

"What is the matter, my dear Kate!—you who are *always* serious, are *now* positively sorrowful! What is it?"

Kate, who was truth itself whenever she spoke, chose for that reason to give no answer.

The old man looked more and more disturbed, and laying down his knife and fork, said—

"Nay, but Catherine, my dear child, there is something the matter! I do not wish to intrude on your confidence, but if you have any trouble that you think I may possibly be able to soothe—confide in me, as if I were your own father, my child."

"Dear Mr. Saunders, don't trouble your good heart about my cloudy face. Sure and hasn't a poor girl the same right to her smoke that a wealthy young lady has to her vapors?" said Kate, smiling.

The old minister did not press his question, but resumed his knife and fork with a look of mortification that worried Catherine, so that she said—

"I will tell you, then, what troubles me—my dearest, best friend and patron, Captain Clifton, has bidden me good-bye, and departed for the frontier! That is bad—oh, yes!—very bad. But that is not the worst. He has gone away very unhappy. I might as well tell you what everybody will soon know:—his marriage is broken off! He has gone away in anger with his promised bride. He has gone away so wretched! Mr. Saunders, when I saw him last night, looking so pale, and stern, and proud—and knew the haughtiness and the anguish of his heart, I thought I could have died to have restored peace and joy between him and her he loved so strongly."

"Merciful Heaven!—these Cliftons! This is another instance of their fatal subjection to passion! Do you know, my dear child, what caused this quarrel?"

"I know nothing but this—the marriage is broken off for the present! I do not know wherefore."

"Some jealous suspicion of one party or the other! Those Cliftons all have Spanish blood in them, and the Spanish character is uppermost in their nature. They are all haughty, reserved, jealous, suspicious."

"Ah, but they are full of courage, magnanimity and benevolence," said Catherine.

"Archer Clifton is of a very jealous and suspicious nature—was his betrothed inclined to coquetry?"

"Oh, I do not know, sir, but the misunderstanding did not originate in any charge against Miss Clifton. It was something of which Miss Clifton accused *him*, but of what, I do not know!—he did not say. My dear Mr. Saunders, I told you what troubled me, to satisfy your kind heart, and allay your benevolent anxiety on my account. And now please forgive me, for beseeching you not to question me farther upon the subject. They—the parties, I mean—are far removed above my sphere of thought and action—and the investigation of their motives of action, by me, seems to involve a certain indelicacy—I fear even impertinence of interference," said Catherine, gently.

"Yet, far above your sphere of thought and action as you say they are, they are not—at least *one* of them is not—above your sphere of sympathy and emotion. *His sorrow affects you with sorrow!*"

The blood rushed to Kate's brow, and she remained silent.

The old man and the maiden soon after arose from the table. She washed up the dishes, tidied up the house, and collected the poor preacher's soiled and broken clothes, and tied them in a bundle to take away with her to wash and mend. Then she tied on her hat, and took leave of him; the old man calling her back, again and again, with vague, prophetic meaning, to repeat over and over—"God bless you, my child! God bless you!" It was his dying benediction.

A poor mountaineer, that called early the next morning to get the poor minister to the poor to come and bury his wife—found the old man dead.

CHAPTER IX.

WOMAN'S PRIDE.

The bird when she pineth may hush her song,
Till the hour when her heart shall again be strong;
But thou—canst thou turn in thy woe aside,
And weep midst thy sisters? No, not for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find way,
When the thoughts burning in thee shall spring to day?
May the grief that sits in thy weary breast,
Look forth from thine aspect, the revel's guest?

No! with the shaft in thy bosom borne,
Thou must hide the wound in thy fear of scorn?
Thou must fold thy mantle, that none may see,
And mask thee with laughter, and say thou art free!

Mrs. Hemans.

All the forenoon, Carolyn Clifton sat in the same place and in the same attitude in which we left her, affecting to read, but really watching the mountain-path with heart-sickening anxiety. Every distant sound of a horse's hoofs that struck upon her ear, sent an electric shock to her heart, causing her to start violently, tremble, and turn deadly sick, and faint with accelerated hope and fear, until its nearer approach revealed some neighbor going on his way, or some negro coming from the mill or the village, to her despairing sight. Even the sound of carriage wheels, as they occasionally rolled by, made her heart pause in its pulsations until it passed, and proved to be some family going on a visit or a shopping errand.—For still she hoped that if he did not come down the mountain-path on horseback, he might come round the road with his mother in her carriage. He came not. And oh, the wedding day was almost over! No one saw the strife of hope and fear, like the struggle of life and death, going on silently in her bosom. Mrs. Georgia Clifton spent the whole forenoon in her own apartment, professing to be engaged with many elegant preparations for the evening; but really full of triumph for the success of her wicked scheming, and anxiety and wonder for the events of the evening, and dark regret also for the absence of him who, if lost to Carolyn forever, was lost to herself for a time at least. With all these passions and emotions striving in her bosom, she dared not show herself, lest her conscious heart and conscious face should betray her—for Georgia was yet young in wickedness.

The Misses Cabell were in their own chamber, putting a few finishing touches to their dresses for the evening, for they, with Zuleime, were to be the bridesmaids.

Zuleime herself had not yet returned, although it was near noon.

Old Mr. Clifton had been out, as was his daily habit of a forenoon, riding around his plantation.

He came in to-day a little earlier than usual, and finding his daughter exactly where he left her, but looking still more pale, haggard and anxious than in the morning, he sat down by her side, put his arm tenderly around her waist, and gazed lovingly into her whitened and sharpened countenance, before he said, interrogatively,

"Not come yet, Carolyn?"

"No, sir!" answered the young lady, rising, and putting off her father's caressing arm, and her own humiliating despondency, with a proud and queenly air.

"Well!" said the old man, with sudden energy, "I will certainly now ride up to Hardbargain and know the reason. DANDY!—my horse, there! Bring him back!—I've not done with him!"

"Father!" said Carolyn, seizing his hand, and detaining him, while she raised her head and looked and spoke in a manner that reminded him more strongly than ever of her arrogant mother, "Father, *no*, you will not go! No, no, father, if you have any love for *me*, any respect for the memory of my dead mother, *do not* subject her daughter and yours to such a mortification! No, father, if he *never* comes, never go after him!"

"You're a fool, girl!" cried the old man, breaking away from her, "a palpable fool!—You were a fool for quarrelling with him and sending him away, and now you are a greater fool for persisting in the quarrel. 'Mortification,' indeed! Who'll be the most mortified this evening, I wonder, 'if he never comes?' What the deuce are we to say to the people who will come here this evening to see you married? Tell me that!"

Before she could say another word, a large family carriage rolled down the road, and turned and entered the lawn.

Carolyn sank back in her seat, nearly swooning with the swift hope and fear that strove almost to agony as she gazed.

It looked so like Mrs. Clifton's carriage.

It was *not*, however. It contained the very earliest of the wedding guests, who, coming from a distance of thirty miles, had set out early enough to arrive in time to secure a whole afternoon's rest and refreshment before dressing for the evening. This was customary with those coming *from afar*.

Old Mr. Clifton went down the steps, to receive his guests.

Carolyn arose and withdrew into the house, fortunately before she had been recognized by the visitors; for it would have been shockingly out of all etiquette for a bride to be visible on her wedding-day before the wedding-hour.

When Mr. Clifton had ushered his guests into the drawing-room, he returned to the piazza to give some directions concerning the stabling of the horses, for where so many animals were expected to be provided for, it required some extra thought and care in their bestowal. While still giving his orders, he saw his younger daughter riding slowly up to the house. Pleased to see her return in safety, in spite of his evil forebodings of the morning, and thinking besides that she could give him some news of the laggard bridegroom, he hastened to meet her and lift her from the saddle, with a joyous—

"Well, my darling! well, my damask rosebud! Back in time, according to promise, eh?"

But at the sight of her father, the girl's face flushed and paled so swiftly, her bosom rose and fell so rapidly, her whole frame was so agitated, her manner so confused, that the old man was seized with alarm, and exclaimed, hurriedly—

"In the name of Heaven, my dearest child, what is the matter?"

But Zuleime, incapable of reply, looked as if she would sink into the ground.

Mr. Clifton's first definite thought was that some accident or catastrophe had befallen the bridegroom.

"Good Heaven, Zuleime, what has happened? Where is Archer Clifton? Speak—has he come to any harm?"

Much relieved that her father's suspicions had fallen out of the true track—yet still considerably shaken, Zuleime replied, in a faltering voice, that Captain Clifton had received orders, and had departed that morning with Lieutenant Fairfax for Winchester, where their regiment was quartered, and that Mrs. Clifton, of Hardbargain, desired to see Mr. Clifton as soon as possible. Without another word—totally unsuspicious that Mrs. *Fairfax* stood before him—the old man threw himself on horseback, and rode furiously towards Hardbargain.

Mrs. Frank [illegible] and widowed bride, stole to her own little room to weep in secret, a little over her fault, but a great deal over the absence of and the danger about to befall her husband.

Dinner was served without Mr. Clifton, Miss Clifton, Zuleime, and the Misses Cabell. Mrs. Georgia Clifton alone entertained the newly arrived company. This did not occasion remark. Mr. Clifton was known to be absent, and it was customary, as I said before, for the bride and her attendants to be invisible.

In the meantime, Carolyn Clifton sat in her chamber—pride, love, regret, anger, hope, fear—all good and evil passions striving in her soul, or in turn holding the mastery over it. It was drawing near the hour when she should commence her bridal toilet, if indeed any bridal array was to be assumed that evening. Amidst all her keen anxiety, she dreaded lest some one should come in and tell her it was time to dress. What should her proud heart permit her to explain to such a one. She need not have feared interruption, however.

The Misses Cabell, her bridesmaids, it is true, sat together in their chamber very impatiently awaiting a message from the bride—very impatiently, indeed, for after her ceremonious dressing, they had their own very elaborate toilet to make. But they would not enter her dressing-room unsummoned, or at least until they should receive from some member of the family a suggestion that it was now proper to do so. And no one thought or remembered to give them the hint.

Mrs. Georgia Clifton—self-convicted of being the originator of all the great trouble that had befallen, and the greater that was about to befall, the house—kept herself as much as possible aloof.

And Zuleime was as yet too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of her own recent bridehood, and the sorrow of her widowhood, to think of anything else. TO BE CONTINUED.

American Scenes.

ROCKY BLUFFS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Travellers on the Southern portion of the Mississippi River, will remember the above scene. The three rocky bluffs here seen standing side by side, at equal distances and of nearly equal size, terminate in small horizontal terraces, which seem to indicate that they are the remains of an ancient high plain, elsewhere torn away or sunk by some tremendous convulsion of nature. These eminences stand like castles, fabricated by gigantic hands, or cut out of the living rock, with sides remarkably perpendicular, smooth, and uniform; and the crevices which here and there mark the surface, occur at such points and of such forms as to bear a considerable resemblance to windows, loopholes, and embrasures.

The picturesque effect of these bluffs is much increased by their singularity, and the extreme rarity of eminences of all kinds along the lower parts of the river's course. The narrow belt of lowland which intervenes between the water and the bases of the rocks, with the scattering trees and groves by which it is partly shaded, and the masses of forest-foliage which form the background, combine to render this wild scene one of the most striking and pleasing to the eye of the traveller.

Pictures of Life.

THE BORROWING SYSTEM IN CANADA.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

To lend, or not to lend—is that the question?

"Those who go a-borrowing go a-sorrowing," saith the old adage; and a wiser saw never came out of the mouth of experience. I have tested the truth of this proverb since my settlement in Canada, many, many times to my cost; and what emigrant has not? So averse have I ever been to this practice, that I would at all times rather quietly submit to a temporary inconvenience than obtain anything I wanted in this manner. I verily believe that a demon of mischief presides over borrowed goods, and takes a wicked pleasure in playing off a thousand malicious pranks upon you the moment he enters your dwelling. Plates and dishes that had been the pride and ornament of your own cupboard for years, no sooner enter upon foreign service, than they are broken; wine-glasses and tumblers, that have been handled by a hundred careless wenches in safety, scarcely pass into the hands of your servants, when they are sure to tumble upon the floor, and the accident turns out a compound fracture. If you borrow a garment of any kind, be sure that you will tear it; a watch, that you will break it; a jewel, that you will lose it; a book, that it will be stolen from you. There is no end to the trouble and vexation arising out of this evil habit. If you borrow a horse, and he has the reputation of being the best-behaved animal in the district, you no sooner become responsible for his conduct, than he loses his character.—The moment that you attempt to drive him, he shows that he has a will of his own, by taking the reins into his own management, and running away in a contrary direction to the road that you wished him to travel. He never gives over his eccentric capers until he has broken his own knees, and the borrowed carriage and harness. So anxious are you about his safety, that you have not a moment to bestow upon your own. And why?—the beast is borrowed, and you are expected to return him in as good condition as he came to you. But of all evils, to borrow money is perhaps the worst. If of a friend, he ceases to be one the moment you feel that you are bound to him by the heavy clog of obligation. If of a usurer, the interest, in this country, soon doubles the original sum, and you owe an increasing debt, which in time swallows up all you possess.

When we first came to the colony, nothing surprised me more than the extent to which this pernicious custom was carried, both by the native Canadians, the European settlers, and the lower order of Americans. Many of the latter had spied out the goodness of the land, and *borrowed* various portions of it, without so much as asking leave of the absentee owner.—Unfortunately our new home was surrounded by these odious squatters, whom we found as ignorant as savage, without their courtesy and kindness.

The place we first occupied was purchased by Mr. C——, a merchant, who took it in payment of sundry large debts which the owner, a New England loyalist, had been unable to settle. Old Joe H——, the present occupant, had promised to quit it with his family, at the commencement of sleighing; and as the bargain was concluded in the month of September, and we were anxious to plough for fall wheat, it was necessary to be upon the spot. No house was to be found in the immediate neighborhood, save a small, dilapidated log tenement, on an adjoining farm, (which was scarcely reclaimed from the bush,) that had been some months without an owner. The merchant assured us that this could be made very comfortable until such time as it suited H—— to remove, and the owner was willing to let us have it for the *moderate* sum of four dollars a month.

Trusting to Mr. C——'s word, and being strangers in the land, we never took the precaution to examine this delightful Summer residence before entering upon it, but thought ourselves very fortunate in obtaining a temporary home so near our own property, the distance not exceeding half-a-mile. The agreement was drawn up, and we were told that we could take possession whenever it suited us.

The few weeks that I had sojourned in the country had by no means prepossessed me in its favor. The home-sickness was sore upon me, and all my solitary hours were spent in tears. My whole soul yielded itself up to a strong and overpowering grief. One simple word dwelt forever in my heart, and swelled it to bursting,—"Home!" I repeated it waking a thousand times a day, and my last prayer before I sank to sleep, was still "Home! Oh, that I could return, if only to die at home!" And nightly I did return; my feet again trod the daisied meadows of England; the song of her birds was in my ears; I wept with delight to find myself once more wandering beneath the fragrant shades of her green hedge-rows; and I awoke to weep in earnest when I found it but a dream. But this is all digression, and has nothing to do with our unseen dwelling. The reader must bear with me in my fits of melancholy, and take me as I am.

It was the 22nd September that we left the steamboat *Hotel*, to take possession of our new abode. During the three weeks we had sojourned at ——, I had not seen a drop of rain, and I began to think that the fine weather would last forever; but this eventful day arose in clouds. Moodie had hired a covered carriage to convey the baby, the servant-maid and myself to the farm, as our driver prognosticated a wet day; while he followed with Tom Wilson and the teams that conveyed our luggage.

The scenery through which we were passing was so new to me, so unlike any thing that I had ever beheld before, that in spite of its monotonous character, it won me *from* my melancholy, and I began to look about me with considerable interest. Not so my English servant, who declared that the woods were frightful to look upon; that it was a country only fit for wild beasts; that she hated it with all her heart and soul, and would go back as soon as she was able.

About a mile from the place of our destination the rain began to fall in torrents, and the air, which had been balmy as a spring morning, turned as chilly as that of a November day.—Hannah shivered; the baby cried, and I drew my summer shawl as closely round as possible, to protect her from the sudden change in our hitherto delightful temperature. Just then, the carriage turned into a narrow, steep path, overhung with lofty woods, and after laboring up it with considerable difficulty, and at the risk of breaking our necks, it brought us at length to a rocky upland clearing, partially covered with a second growth of timber, and surrounded on all sides by the dark forest.

"I guess," quoth our Yankee driver, "that at the bottom of this 'ere swell, you'll find yourself *to hum;*" and plunging into a short path cut through the wood, he pointed to a miserable hut, at the bottom of a deep descent, and cracking his whip, exclaimed, "'Tis a smart location that. I wish you Britishers may enjoy it."

I gazed upon the place in perfect dismay, for I had never seen such a shed called a house before. "You must be mistaken; that is not a house, but a cattle-shed, or pig-sty."

The man turned his knowing, keen eye upon me, and smiled half-humorously, half maliciously, as he said,

"You were raised in the old country, I guess; you have much to learn, and more, perhaps, than you'll like to know, before the winter is over."

I was perfectly bewildered—I could only stare at the place, with my eyes swimming in tears; but as the horses plunged down into the broken hollow, my attention was drawn from my new residence to the perils which endangered life and limb at every step. The driver, however, was well used to such roads, and steering us dexterously between the black stumps, at length drove up, not to the door, for there was none to the house, but to the open space from which that absent but very necessary appendage had been removed. Three young steers and two heifers, which the driver proceeded to drive out, were quietly reposing upon the floor. A few strokes of his whip, and a loud burst of gratuitous curses, soon effected an ejectment; and I dismounted, and took possession of this untenable tenement. Moodie was not yet in sight with the teams. I begged the man to stay until he arrived, as I felt terrified at being left alone in this wild, strange-looking place. He laughed, as well he might, at our fears, and said that he had a long way to go, and must be off; then, cracking his whip, and nodding to the girl, who was crying aloud, he went his way, and Hannah and myself were left standing in the middle of the dirty floor.

The prospect was indeed dreary. Without, pouring rain; within, a fireless hearth; a room with but one window, and that containing only one whole pane of glass; not an article of furniture to be seen, save an old painted pine-wood cradle, which had been left there by some freak of fortune. This, turned upon its side, served us for a seat, and there we impatiently awaited the arrival of Moodie, Wilson, and a man whom the former had hired that morning to assist on the farm. Where they were all to be stowed might have puzzled a more sagacious brain than mine. It is true there was a loft, but I could see no way of reaching it, for ladder there was none, so we amused ourselves, while waiting for the coming of the party, by abusing the place, the country, and our dear selves, for our folly in coming to it.

Now, when not only reconciled to Canada, but loving it, and feeling a deep interest in its present welfare, and the fair prospect of its future greatness, I often look back and laugh at the feelings with which I then regarded this noble country.

When things come to the worst, they generally mend. The males of our party no sooner arrived, than they set about making things more comfortable. James, our servant, pulled up some of the decayed stumps, with which the small clearing that surrounded the shanty was thickly covered, and made a fire, and Hannah roused herself from the stupor of despair, and seized the corn-broom from the top of the loaded wagon, and began to sweep the house, raising such an intolerable cloud of dust that I was glad to throw my cloak over my head, and run out of doors, to avoid suffocation. Then commenced the awful bustle of unloading the two heavily-loaded wagons. The small space within the house was soon entirely blocked up with trunks and packages of all descriptions. There was scarcely room to move, without stumbling over some article of household stuff.

The rain poured in at the open door, beat in at the shattered window, and dropped upon our heads from the holes in the roof. The wind blew keenly through a thousand apertures in the log walls; and nothing could exceed the uncomfortableness of our situation. For a long time the box which contained a hammer and nails was not to be found. At length Hannah discovered it, tied up with some bedding which she was opening out in order to dry. I fortunately spied the door lying among some old boards at the back of the house, and Moodie immediately commenced fitting it to its place. This, once accomplished, was a great addition to our comfort. We then nailed a piece of white cloth entirely over the broken window, which, without diminishing the light, kept out the rain.

James constructed a ladder out of the old bits of boards, and Tom Wilson assisted him in stowing the luggage away in the loft.

But what has this picture of misery and discomfort to do with borrowing? Patience, my dear, good friends; I will tell you all about it by and by.

While we were all busily employed—even the poor baby, who was lying upon a pillow in the old cradle, trying the strength of her lungs, and not a little irritated that no one was at leisure to regard her laudable endeavors to make herself heard—the door was suddenly pushed open, and the apparition of a woman squeezed itself into the crowded room. I left off arranging the furniture of a bed, that had been just put up in a corner, to meet my unexpected, and at that moment, not very welcome guest. Here whole appearance was so extraordinary that I felt quite at a loss how to address her.

Imagine a girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age, with sharp, knowing-looking features, a forward, impudent carriage, and a pert, flippant voice, standing upon one of the trunks, and surveying all our proceedings in the most impertinent manner. The creature was dressed in a ragged, dirty purple stuff gown, cut very low in the neck, with an old red cotton handkerchief tied over her head; her uncombed, tangled locks falling over her thin, inquisitive face, in a state of perfect nature. Her legs and feet were bare, and, in her coarse, dirty red hands, she swung to and fro an empty glass decanter.

"What can she want?" I asked myself. "What a strange creature!"

And there she stood, staring at me in the most unceremonious manner, her keen black eyes glancing obliquely to every corner of the room, which she examined with critical exactness.

Before I could speak [illegible] the conversation by drawling through her nose,

"Well, I guess you are fixing here."

I thought she had come to offer her services; and I told her that I did not want a girl, for I had brought one out with me.

"How!" responded the creature, "I hope you don't take me for a help. I'd have you to know that I'm as good a lady as yourself. No—I just stepped over to see what was going on. I seed the teams pass our'n about noon, and I says to father, 'Them strangers are cum; I'll go back and look arter them.' 'Yes,' says he, 'do—and take the decanter along. Maybe they'll want one to put their whiskey in.' 'I'm goin' to,' says I; so I cum across with it, an' here it is. But, mind—don't break it—'tis the only one we have to hum; and father says 'tis so mean to drink out of green glass."

My surprise increased every minute. It seemed such an act of disinterested generosity thus to anticipate wants we had never thought of. I was regularly taken in.

"My good girl," I began, "this is really very kind—but—"

"Now, don't go to call me 'gal'—and pass off your English airs on us. We are *genuine* Yankees, and think ourselves as good—yes, a great deal better than you. I am a young lady."

"Indeed!" said I, striving to repress my astonishment. "I am a stranger in the country, and my acquaintance with Canadian ladies and gentlemen is very small. I did not mean to offend you by using the term girl; I was going to assure you that we had no need of the decanter. We have bottles of our own—and we don't drink whiskey."

"How! Not drink whiskey? Why, you don't say! How ignorant you must be! Maybe they have no whiskey in the old country?"

"Yes, we have; but it is not like the Canadian whiskey. But, pray take the decanter home again—I am afraid that it will get broken in this confusion."

"No, no; father told me to leave it—and there it is;" and she planted it resolutely down on the trunk. "You will find a use for it till you have unpacked your own."

Seeing that she was determined to leave the bottle, I said no more about it, but asked her to tell me where the well was to be found.

"The well!" she repeated after me, with a sneer. "Who thinks of digging wells when they can get plenty of water from the creek? There is a fine water-privilege not a stone's-throw from the door," and, jumping off the box, she disappeared as abruptly as she had entered. We all looked at each other; Tom Wilson was highly amused, and laughed until he held his sides.

"What tempted her to bring this empty bottle here?" said Moodie. "It is all an excuse; the visit, Tom, was meant for you."

"You'll know more about it in a few days," said James, looking up from his work. "That bottle is not brought here for naught."

I could not unravel the mystery, and thought no more about it, until it was again brought to my recollection by the damsel herself.

Our united efforts had effected a complete transformation in our uncouth dwelling. Sleeping-berths had been partitioned off for the men; shelves had been put up for the accommodation of books and crockery, a carpet covered the floor, and the chairs and tables we had brought from —— gave an air of comfort to the place, which, on the first view of it, I deemed impossible. My husband, Mr. Wilson, and James, had walked over to inspect the farm, and I was sitting at the table at work, the baby creeping upon the floor, and Hannah preparing dinner. The sun shone warm and bright, and the open door admitted a current of fresh air, which tempered the heat of the fire.

"Well, I guess you look smart," said the Yankee damsel, presenting *herself* once more before me. "You old country folks are so stiff, you must have every thing nice, or you fret. But, then, you can easily do it; you have *stacks* of money; and you can fix every thing right off with money."

"Pray take a seat," and I offered her a chair, "and be kind enough to tell me your name. I suppose you must live in the neighborhood, although I cannot perceive any dwelling near us."

"My name! So you want to know my name. I arn't ashamed of my name; 'tis Emily S——. I am eldest daughter to the *gentleman* who owns this house."

"What must the father be," thought I, "if he resembles the young *lady*, his daughter?"

Imagine a young lady, dressed in ragged petticoats, through those yawning rents peeped forth, from time to time, her bare red knees, with uncombed elf-locks, and a face and hands that looked as if they had been unwashed for a month—who did not know A from B, and despised those who did. While those reflections, combined with a thousand ludicrous images, were flitting through my mind, my strange visitor suddenly exclaimed,

"Have you done with that 'ere decanter I brought across yesterday?"

"Oh, yes! I have no occasion for it." I rose, took it from the shelf, and placed it in her hand.

"I guess you won't return it empty; that would be mean, father says. He wants it filled with whiskey."

The mystery was solved, the riddle made clear. I could contain my gravity no longer, but burst into a hearty fit of laughter, in which I was joined by Hannah. Our young lady was mortally offended; she tossed the decanter from hand to hand, and glared at us with her tiger-like eyes.

"You think yourself smart? Why do you laugh in that way?"

"Excuse me—but you have such an odd way of borrowing that I cannot help it. This bottle, it seems, was brought over for your own convenience, not for mine. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have no whiskey."

"I guess spirits will do as well; I know there is some in that keg, for I smells it."

"It contains rum for the workmen."

"Better still. I calculate when you've been here a few months, you'll be too knowing to give rum to your helps. But old country folks are all fools, and that's the reason they get so easily sucked in, and be so soon wound up.—Cum, fill the bottle, and don't be stingy. In this country we all live by borrowing. If you want any thing, why just send and borrow from us."

Thinking that this might be the custom of the country, I hastened to fill the decanter, hoping that I might get a little new milk for the poor weaning child in return; but when I asked my liberal visitor if she kept cows, and would lend me a little new milk for the baby, she burst out into high disdain.

"Milk! Lend milk? I guess milk in the fall is worth a York shilling a quart. I cannot sell you a drop under."

This was a wicked piece of extortion, as the same article in the towns, where, of course, it was in greater request, only brought threepence the quart.

"If you'll pay me for it, I'll bring you some to-morrow. But mind—cash down."

"And when do you mean to return the rum?" I said, with some asperity.

"When father goes to the creek." This was the name given by my neighbors to the village of P——, distant about four miles.

Day after day I was tormented by this importunate creature; she borrowed of me tea, sugar, candles, starch, blueing, irons, pots, bowls,—in short, every article in common domestic use,—while it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them returned. Articles of food, such as tea and sugar, or of convenience, like candles, starch, and soap, she never dreamed of being required at her hands. This method of living [illegible] to unprincipled people, as it does not involve the penalty of stealing; and they can keep the goods without the unpleasant necessity of returning them, or feel the moral obligation of being grateful for their use. Living eight miles from ——, I found these constant encroachments a heavy burden on our poor purse; and being ignorant of the country, and residing in such a lonely, out-of-the-way place, surrounded by these savages, I was really afraid of denying their requests.

The very day our new plough came home, the father of the bright damsel, who went by the familiar and enviable title of *Old Satan*, came over to borrow it (though we afterwards found out that he had a good one of his own.) The land had never been broken up, and was full of rocks and stumps, and he was anxious to save his own from injury; the consequence was that the borrowed implement came home unfit for use, just at the very time that we wanted to plough for fall wheat. The same happened to a spade and trowel, bought in order to plaster the house. Satan asked the loan of them for *one* hour for the same purpose, and we never saw them again.

The daughter came one morning, as usual, on one of these swindling expeditions, and demanded of me the loan of some *fine slack*. Not knowing what she meant by *fine slack*, and weary of her importunities, I said I had none. She went away in a rage. Shortly after she came again for some pepper. I was at work, and my work-box was open upon the table, well stored with threads and spools of all descriptions. Miss Satan cast her hawk's eye into it, and burst out in her usual rude manner,

"I guess you told me a tarnation big lie the other day."

Unaccustomed to such language, I rose from my seat, and pointing to the door, told her to walk out, as I did not choose to be insulted in my own house.

"Your house! I'm sure it's father's," returned the incorrigible wretch. "You told me that you had no *fine slack*, and you have *stacks* of it."

"What is fine slack?" said I, very pettishly.

"The stuff that's wound upon these 'ere pieces of wood," pouncing as she spoke upon one of my most serviceable spools.

"I cannot give you that; I want it myself."

"I didn't ask you to give it. I only wants to borrow it till fa'her goes to the creek."

"I wish he would make haste, then, as I want a number of things which you have borrowed of me, and which I cannot longer do without."

She gave me a knowing look, and carried off my spool in triumph.

I happened to mention the manner in which I was constantly annoyed by these people, to a worthy English farmer who resided near us; and he fell a-laughing, and told me that I did not know the Canadian Yankees as well as he did, or I should not be troubled with them long.

"The best way," says he, "to get rid of them, is to ask them sharply what they want; and if they give you no satisfactory answer, order them to leave the house; but I believe I can put you in a better way still. Buy some small article of them, and pay them a trifle over the price, and tell them to bring the change. I will lay my life upon it that it will be long before they trouble you again."

I was impatient to test the efficacy of his scheme. That very afternoon Miss Satan brought me a plate of butter for sale. The price was three-and-sixpence; twice the sum, by-the-bye, that it was worth.

"I have no change," giving her a dollar; "but you can bring it me to-morrow."

Oh, blessed experiment! for the value of one quarter-dollar I got rid of this dishonest girl forever; rather than pay me, she never entered the house again. About a month after this, I was busy making an apple-pie in the kitchen. A cadaverous-looking woman, very long-faced and witch-like, popped her ill-looking visage into the door, and drawled through her nose,

"Do you want to buy a *rooster?*"

Now, the sucking-pigs with which we had been regaled every day for three weeks at the tavern, were called *roasters;* and not understanding the familiar phrase of the country, I thought she had a sucking-pig to sell.

"Is it a good one?"

"I guess 'tis."

"What do you ask for it?"

"Two Yorkers."

"That is very cheap if it is any weight. I don't like them under ten or twelve pounds."

"Ten or twelve pounds! Why, woman, what do you mean? Would you expect a rooster to be bigger nor a turkey?"

We stared at each other. There was evidently some misconception on my part.

"Bring the roaster up; and if I like it I will buy it, though I must confess that I am not very fond of roast pig."

"Do you call this a pig?" said my [illegible], drawing a fine [illegible] from under her cloak.

I laughed heartily at my mistake, as I paid her down the money for the [illegible] bird. This little matter settled, I thought she would take her departure, but that woman proved the [illegible] that ever was bought.

"Do you keep [illegible] and snuff here?" [illegible], sidling close up to me.

"We make no use of those articles."

"Dear! Not use [illegible] and snuff! How's [illegible]!" She paused, then added, in a mysterious, confidential tone,—"I want to ask you how your tea-caddy stands?"

"It stands in the cupboard," said I, wondering what all this might mean.

"I know that; but have you any tea to spare?"

I now began to suspect what sort of a customer the stranger was.

"Oh, you want to borrow some? I have none to spare."

"You don't say so. Well, now, that's stingy. I never asked anything of you before. I am poor, and you are rich; besides, I'm troubled so with the headache, and nothing does me any good but a cup of strong tea."

"The money I have just given you will buy a quarter of a pound of the best."

"I guess that isn't mine. The fowl belonged to my neighbor. She's sick; and I promised to sell it for her to buy some physic.—Money!" she added, in a coaxing tone, "where should I get money? Lord bless you, people in this country have no money; and those who come out with piles of it, soon lose it. But Emily S—— told me that you are mighty rich, and draw your money from the old country. So I guess you can well afford to lend a neighbor a spoonful of tea."

"Neighbor! Where do you live, and what is your name?"

"My name is Betty Fye—old Betty Fye; I live in the log shanty over the creek, at the back of yours. The farm belongs to my eldest son. I'm a widow with twelve sons; and 'tis —— hard to scratch along."

"Do you swear?"

"Swear! What harm? It eases one's mind when one's vexed. Everybody swears in this country. My boys all swear like Sam Hill; and I used to swear mighty big oaths till about a month ago, when the Methody parson told me that if I did not leave it off, I should go to a tarnation bad place, so I dropped some of the worst of them."

"You would do wisely to drop the rest; women never swear in my country."

"Well, you don't say! I always heer'd they were very ignorant. Will you lend me the tea?"

The woman was such an original, that I gave her what she wanted. As she was going off, she took up one of the apples I was peeling.

"I guess you have a fine orchard?"

"They say the best in the district."

"We have no orchard to hum, and I guess you'll want sarce."

"Sarce! What is sarce?"

"Not know what sarce is? You are clever! Sarce is apples cut up and dried, to make into pies in the winter. Now do you comprehend?"

I nodded.

"Well, I was going to say that I have no apples, and that you have a tarnation big few of them; and if you'll give me twenty bushels of your best apples, and find me with half a pound of coarse thread to string them upon, I will make you a barrel of sarce on shares—that is, give you one and keep one for myself."

I had plenty of apples, and I gladly accepted her offer, and Mrs. Betty Fye departed, elated with the success of her expedition. I found to my cost, that once admitted into the house, there was no keeping her away. She borrowed everything that she could think of, without once dreaming of restitution. I tried all ways of affronting her, but without success. Winter came, and she was still at her old pranks.—Whenever I saw her coming down the lane, I used involuntarily to exclaim, "Betty Fye! Betty Fye! Fye upon Betty Fye! The Lord deliver me from Betty Fye!" The last time I was honored with a visit from this worthy, she meant to favor me with a very large order upon my goods and chattels.

"Well, Mrs. Fye, what do you want to-day?"

"So many things that I scarce know where to begin. Ah, what a thing 'tis to be poor!—First, I want you to lend me ten pounds of flour to make some johnnie-cakes."

"I thought they were made of Indian meal?"

"Yes, yes, when you've got the meal. I'm out of it, and this is a new fixing of my own invention. Lend me the flour, woman, and I'll bring you one of the cakes to taste."

This was said very coaxingly.

"[illegible] want next?" I was anxious to see how far her impudence would go, and determined to affront her if possible.

"I want you to lend me a gown, and a pair of stockings. I have to go to Oswego to see my husband's sister, and I'd like to look decent."

"Mrs. Fye, I never lend my clothes to any one. If I lend them to you, I should never wear them again."

"So much the better for me," (with a knowing grin.) "I guess if you won't lend me the gown, you will let me have some black slack to quilt a stuff petticoat, a quarter of a pound of tea and some sugar; and I will bring them back as soon as I can."

"I wonder when that will be. You owe me so many things that it will cost you more than you imagine to repay me."

"Since you're not going to mention what's past, I can't owe you much. But I will let you off the tea and the sugar, if you will lend me a five-dollar bill." This was too much for my patience longer to endure, and I answered sharply,

"Mrs. Fye, it surprises me that such proud people as you Americans should condescend to the meanness of borrowing from those whom you affect to despise. Besides, as you never repay us for what you pretend to borrow, I look upon it as a system of robbery. If strangers unfortunately settle among you, their good-nature is taxed to supply your domestic wants, at a ruinous expense, besides the mortification of finding that they have been deceived and tricked out of their property. If you would come honestly to me and say, 'I want these things, I am too poor to buy them myself, and would be obliged to you to give them to me,' I should then acknowledge you as a common beggar, and treat you accordingly; give or not give, as it suited my convenience. But in the way in which you obtain these articles from me, you are spared even a debt of gratitude; for you well know that the many things which you have borrowed from me will be a debt owing to the day of judgment."

"S'pose they are," quoth Betty, not in the least abashed at my lecture on honesty, "you know what the Scripture saith, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Ay, there is an answer to that in the same book, which doubtless you may have heard," said I, disgusted with her hypocrisy, "'The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.'"

Never shall I forget the furious passion into which this too apt quotation threw my unprincipled applicant. She lifted up her voice and cursed me, using some of the big oaths temporarily discarded for conscience sake. And so she left me, and I never looked upon her face again.

On Good Terms with Death.—In the Southern part of Tonquin, the highest compliment you can pay to a distinguished personage, and the dearest token of esteem for a revered friend, is the present of a coffin. A number of Catholic Priests, of native origin, joined in giving a coffin, as a New Year's present, to the Bishop of Lemanda, who had instructed them in theology, saying that he was growing old, and they could never have a more suitable opportunity to offer him that necessary piece of furniture. At the same time they called his attention to the excellence of the wood and the beauty of the work. Such is the custom of the country; no person who has reached the age of fifty is without his coffin, which not only stands ready for its prospective use, but serves even now, as a table by day and a bed by night. The children of a family in good circumstances will combine to offer handsome coffins to their father and mother, and pupils make the same present to a venerated teacher. Death there has no terrors. A poor widower, with young children, fell dangerously sick, and the first care of his friends was to borrow a coffin for him. When this was announced to the sufferer he trembled with joy, and asked to see the borrowed article: "Now," said he, "let me die, for if I live I shall have to return it, and who knows if I can ever procure another?" In the same spirit the friends of a dying person speak in his presence of his approaching end, and of the preparations for his funeral. The Bishop, above referred to, says that one day he visited a catechumen, whose malady, though likely to be prolonged, was sure to end fatally, and found a woman sitting by his bed-side making the mourning clothes for the family. At the door was the carpenter, engaged in making the coffin in sight of the patient, who directed the work with the utmost particularity.

These particulars we gather from a letter of the good Bishop, to a friend in France, published in the *Journal des Debats*.—*Tribune*.

☞ A Northern editor perpetrates the following:—"A flock of sheep composed of all 'teachers' may be said to resemble our [illegible]."

AFFECTING LETTER.

The following letter lately written by the wife of a condemned criminal, is one of the most touching things we have read for a long time. Let those rail who will at a wife's devotion, there is something sublime in the fact, that when all others point with scorn and [illegible], when every other face is averted, and every other tongue wagging with scorn or hatred, the wife stands nobly by the side of him whom she has sworn to love till death; shares the loneliness of the prison house, weeps by his side, consoles him with her sweetest words, prays for and with him—show us a sublimer spectacle if you can. It will be observed in this letter, that though the heart of the poor wife is sinking with anguish, she does not deny the *justice of the penalty awarded* by the law of the land and its officers:—

Cleveland, April 7, 1852.

My Dearest Husband:—I have been very miserable since they took you away. When you were here, and I could have the happiness of seeing my own darling sometimes, I was better satisfied; but now my heart is almost crushed. They have torn you from me so suddenly and unexpectedly that I can hardly realize my situation. Can it be possible that we are never to meet again upon earth? Oh! my darling! it has been but two short years since we stood at the altar, surrounded by our friends and we the happiest of the happy—and since then, dearest, we have enjoyed each other's society so much! and now that this dreadful sorrow should descend upon our heads to crush our future hopes—oh, my God! no wonder I cannot realize my miserable situation. But I must not give way in this manner. I promised you that I would not give up until they proved you guilty. I hope they never will do that. I cannot believe that you would commit so horrible a crime as you are charged with. One who has always been so kind to his family and friends, and always so tender-hearted, could never raise his hand against his fellow-man, unless in self-defence. But the one who murdered "[illegible]," did not do that, so it cannot be my darling husband. No, never, never!

But dearest, if you *did* commit the crime, I beg of you as a husband and father, to tell me, before you die, so I can be better satisfied; for, oh! God knows that if they hang an innocent man, and I should be convinced of the fact, my reason would depart forever, and they would have the blood of two innocent persons to answer for. But if you are guilty, [illegible] that you are guilty, then I would be better satisfied, because I could not *blame them for doing their duty*—although I shall never feel any different towards you than I do at present; for you have always been to me a kind, beloved husband. I cannot feel aught towards you but love and respect, whether you live or die—but, as I said before, I can't believe you are guilty, until they prove you such; and I hope you will convince them of your innocence, that we may meet again, and continue to live happily together in this world—and when we die, that we may be joined together in Heaven, is the prayer of your once happy, but now sorely afflicted wife.

After Clarence had gone to sleep last night, he opened his eyes and called papa, as though he had been dreaming of you. I told the dear little angel that papa was gone away; he went to sleep again, and presently he opened his eyes again, and called papa, papa. It made me feel so sorrowful I could not sleep. It almost kills me to think that perhaps we may never see you again. Dearest, I pray every night that God will forgive your sins, and receive you in Heaven, if it is to be your fate to die—which I also pray may not be. I hope the jailor will be kind to you, and let you write to me often. I have not heard one word from you yet, but I presume it is not your fault. I know you will write to me if you can.

Mother and Rhoda do not believe you are guilty. They send their love to you. Accept my whole love, dearest. I am so overcome with sorrow, that I can write no more to-day. Good-bye. May we meet again soon. God bless you, and keep you safe.

LUCRETIA CRIST.

Grace Greenwood.—Grace, as we learn by her letters in the "Era," is having a delightful time in London. The Earl of Carlisle procured her admission to the House of Lords, to witness the prorogation by the Queen, who, she says, is more remarkable for "rosy plumpitude than regal altitude." She styles Lablache "a mountain of melody, who spouts up columns of sound from the vasty deep of his immense lungs, and whelms you in the flood." Tupper, with whom she spent a day, she speaks of as a man "whose hospitality is as proverbial as his philosophy." Miss Mitford is in a feeble state of health, yet resigned and cheerful. Sir Thomas Talfourd is "a most quiet, kindly, unpretending man, and converses agreeably, though with occasional wanderings of thought, and lapses into a sort of ejaculatory dreaminess." Grace dined with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, and a "small but brilliant party, at the house of the novelist, in Tavistock Square." Mr. Dickens is slight in person, "with a fine, symmetrical head, and eyes beaming with genius and humor." He is in "admirable health and spirits, and good for at least twenty more charming serials." His style of living is elegant and simple, and his servants wear no livery. "Mrs. Dickens is a charming person; in character and manner truly a *gentlewoman*." Walter Savage Landor is "a glorious old man, full of fine poetic thought, and generous enthusiasm for liberty." Charles Kemble is a grand-looking old man, animated and agreeable in conversation, and preserving, in a wonderful degree, his enthusiasm for his profession." Carlyle said, "Margaret Fuller was a great creature; but you have no full biography of her yet; we want to know what time she got up, and what sort of shoes and stockings she wore." Grace speaks in the very highest terms of the considerate hospitality of the English people.

Clippings.

☞ **Poison Proof.**—A writer on Taxidermy, in the *Farmer and Mechanic*, says that poison will not affect birds of prey, such as eagles, hawks, &c.; that he once gave an eagle a teaspoonful of Prussic acid, and that instead of dying, he seemed rather refreshed after it! It seems the same, so far, with the American eagle.

☞ To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports, when we succeed, it betrays us.

☞ The "Lantern" speaks of the comb of a certain young lady, as being "the summit of perfection."

☞ A woman in Buffalo recently attacked her husband with an axe, because he found fault that his dinner was not ready, when he came home, and cut his head open in a frightful manner. Husbands beware!

☞ Dr. Hines, the notorious swindler and bigamist, has escaped from prison at Savannah.

☞ A wit is not easily silenced. M. Saphir, the Viennese humorist, demanded, on his trial, whether it was treasonable to repeat the Lord's Prayer, for the words "deliver us from evil," might be constructed into a prayer to get rid of the government.

☞ A man may see clearly through a woman's coquetry, and yet fall a victim to it: like the nightingale which sits on a tree, and sees the net spread beneath, and yet hops straight into it.

☞ A Western editor, in puffing a village hotel, says that a new tooth brush has been supplied for the wash room, attached to a strong iron chain, so that the public will always be accommodated in that respect.

☞ Our Mrs. Partington thinks that Gen. Scott *must* have joined the Catholic church, for she sees by the papers that his friends are holding *mass* meetings everywhere.

☞ **Horrible.**—A boy, 14 years of age, in Perry Co., Mass., was whipped by his father, when he went to a neighbor's house and borrowed a gun, with which he returned and shot him. He died instantly.

☞ One hundred and fifty persons died in New York, during the last twelve months, of delirium tremens! There were nine murders caused by rum, and nearly ten thousand five day commitments for drunkenness during the same time.

☞ Eggs from China, put up in pickle, in large sized jars, are now retailed in San Francisco, at one dollar per dozen.

☞ A letter says:—"Notwithstanding the scandalous assertion to the contrary, there has never been a more prosperous season at Newport than the present. The hotels are all crowded to overflowing."

☞ The passage from Cincinnati to Pittsburg is now made in 18 hours.

☞ Eight English fishing boats have been seized and carried into Cherbourg for poaching on the French oyster beds. We do not hear that there will be any war in consequence.

☞ It is proposed by a correspondent of the the Providence Journal, that the alcohol used for mechanical purposes should be doctored with tartar emetic, to prevent its use as an intoxicating beverage. The Journal thinks this is a little too bad.

☞ Webster's Dictionary appears to be rising fast in popularity in England. William Longman, the publisher, has been endeavoring in vain to find an editor competent to prepare a new edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and has now adopted the revised edition of Webster, by Goodrich, as a perfect English standard.

☞ The newly arrived emigrants to Oregon, are out in the papers of the Territory with a card, denouncing the Mormons at Salt Lake for grievously oppressing those of the emigrants who visited them. In some instances, they suffered personal injury, had the letters they put into the Post Office opened and destroyed, etc. The sufferers were Missourians.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - -	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Addition to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the [illegible] Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE MORMONS.

At last we have what appears to be an authentic account of this singular people—their creed, organization, and mode of life. It is contained in a work written by Lieutenant Gunnison, who was attached to Captain Stansbury's exploring expedition to the Great Salt Lake, and who resided in this official capacity more than a year in the Mormon country. A number of extracts from this interesting work, principally relating to the subject of Polygamy, and setting that matter at rest forever, will be found on our fourth page; and we now proceed to lay before our readers some additional facts relative to the Mormons, for which we are also indebted to Lieut. Gunnison.

Before entirely dismissing the subject of Polygamy, we may call attention to the great want of truthfulness among the Mormons, which the discussion of this subject has revealed.—That Polygamy is tolerated among them, has been denied again and again by their preachers and writers. A few weeks ago, for the first time, the truth of the charge was admitted by a Mormon correspondent of the N. Y. Herald—the proof having become overwhelming—and the custom boldly justified and defended. Lieut. Gunnison says that they manifest no hesitation in denying all practices which are secretly allowed, but not publicly proclaimed by the Prophet or Seer; and "they meet outsiders with a flat denial of what, to a true believer, would be readily admitted as correct." He adds:—"It is to them the pleading of guilty or not guilty, in a court of justice."

It is, however, only proper to state, that Polygamy was not an original Mormon practice. Their creed admits of a continual stream of new revelations from the Lord, and any inconsistency in these revelations, is excused on the plea of different circumstances requiring different rules. Thus Polygamy was first introduced in 1841–2 by Joseph Smith, as a reward allowed by the Almighty for great services to the cause. The knowledge of the "revelation" was confided, accordingly, as a secret, to the leading men; and numbers of the Mormons, even including the preachers in other States and countries, no doubt honestly denied the existence of any such practice. Of this, Lieutenant Gunnison gives the following instance:—

> Missionaries are sent with all the promptness of military orders, a three days' notice for a three years' absence from family and business not unfrequently being all that is given. Families are cared for by the Presidency and bishops. Three hundred were chosen at one conference. Previous to starting, they were assembled to receive the orders of Joseph. He preached a fervid sermon, that stimulated their pride of conquering difficulties without scrip or purse. One of that band, still well-affected to the society, though differing on one point from its teaching, related to the writer some parts of the discourse. One main point insisted on was, that "spiritual wifery" was to be most pointedly denied; and that they taught that one man should live in chaste fidelity with one woman in conjugal relationship. In the dark concerning the revelation allowing polygamy, he sincerely declared that but one wife was ever known to any of his brethren. While zealously preaching in the city of New York, he was thought worthy, by the Apostle Lyman, to be let into the secret of the "blessings of Jacob," the privileges of the Saints. Called aside one day by the President of the Stake, he was told that God had always rewarded His distinguished saints with special privileges, such as would be wrong for sinners, but by revelation made harmless to the good. As an instance he would cite Jacob, David, and Solomon, who had many wives allowed them. In these last days, also, the like had been accorded to Joseph Smith and others; and having now full confidence in his holiness, the priest could have the same privilege of adding to the household of the faith many children, by choosing additions to the present wife. The priest says he was utterly astounded, but, on reflection, chose to dissemble, and say he would consider the matter. In the evening he was invited to witness "a sealing" of several couples, at a large boarding-house. In the front parlor the ceremony, like a marriage, was performed; and as each pair was "finished" by the priest, they retired through the folding doors, and thus to their own apartments. The guest was so shocked, that he retired to his home, and though he never took any open part against the "church of new privileges," he was denounced as a deserter in their papers, and the public cautioned against him as a defamer. Strange to say, he was, at the time of our interview, contemplating rejoining his people in the mountains.

Of course a practice of this kind could not long be kept secret; and, as the knowledge of the new revelation spread, the practice spread with it. Lieut. Gunnison says, "It is a thing of usual and general conversation in the mountains, and we often heard one of the Presidency spoken of with his 28 wives, another with '42, more or less,' and the third called an old bachelor, because he has only a baker's dozen. It is neither reproach nor scandal; no one is present to see the ceremony of sealing but the priestly clerk and parties; therefore, if a Gentile asks one, if all the women in his neighbor's house with prattling babes are the landlord's wives, the answer is, 'I know nothing about it, and attend to no man's family relations.'"

In relation to the charge of "spiritual wifehood," the Lieutenant says:—"The story of 'spiritual wives,' or rather that the wives are held in common, and those whose husbands were not in full fellowship with the church were sealed to the elders, probably arose from the published doctrine *that a woman cannot be saved without a man to take her into the heavenly kingdom*. It is even yet asserted, we believe, by the *Mormonish*, and opposers of this part of 'Revelation,' (for there are many of both sexes denouncing it, without being cut off, because it is not yet a publicly proclaimed doctrine,) that certain women are sealed to high dignitaries; but, for ourselves, we know nothing of the truth or falsity of the charge: we can only say that all marriage relations that came under our notice were most purely correct in appearance; and that all wives in Utah showed a devotion and alacrity in domestic affairs and family duties, that would promote the harmony of the world, and make many a heavy heart beat for joy, if universal."

We have given more space than we otherwise should have devoted to this subject, in consequence of the letters published by us from a Mormon Elder, denying the truth of the charges brought against them—charges which, as our readers will remember, we have always considered more probable than improbable, judging from the testimony; notwithstanding the eloquent eulogy of Mr. Kane upon his Mormon friends, and the earnest denials made in our own columns by the Elder alluded to.

The creed of the Mormons is a most singular compound—and, as a consequence of the doctrine of "new revelations," perpetually liable to change; though, as a check upon this tendency, we have the right of a majority of the [illegible] to declare any new doctrine, to [illegible] but a doctrine of the [illegible]. But, in the creed as it at present is, we find the mysticism and [illegible] of [illegible] philosophy, blended with the views of the Quakers in relation to the duty of the ministry to labor like other men, the doctrine of "immersion" of the Baptists, the Jewish belief in the efficacy of animal sacrifices, the Episcopacy of the Church of England, &c. From the philosophy of the East, they take the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and the account of the life of the elementary particles of matter. They carry this latter view to what will appear to all Christians the greatest blasphemy. They speak of the origin of God, and of "Gods many, and Lords many." "God, the Father, is held to be a man perfected, but so far advanced in the attributes of his nature, his *faith*, intelligence and power, that in comparison with us, He may be called The Infinite." Jo Smith said, in his last sermon: "God himself, who sits enthroned in yonder heavens, is a *man like unto one of yourselves*; that is the great secret—has the person, image and very form of a man. Adam walked and talked with him, 'as one man talks with another.'" He goes on to say that the Father once laid down his life on another earth, just as the Son did on this, and *thus became God*. The Son is held to be the offspring of the Father and the Virgin Mary—"The bridegroom and bride met on the plains of Palestine." They quote the Apocalypse, "And hath made us kings and priests unto God and *his Father*,"—making the word "God" refer to the Father, and not the Son. They contend that the God referred to in the Scriptures is not the chief God,—and speak of His father, grandfather, &c. As to the origin of the Head God, Lieut. Gunnison says:

> In conversation with the more philosophical ones, this question of origin came up frequently, and the explanation elicited was one of opinion merely, and deduced by the reason from the principles already taught by authority. It was, that in the *far eternity*, two of the elementary particles of matter met in consultation and compared *intelligence*, and then called in a third Atom to the council, and, united in one will, they became the first power, to which no other could attain [illegible] the principles, and by uniting more atoms or exceeding the power which the combination gave, would thenceforth progress forever. Under this union arose the plenitude of power, to make and enforce a Law to govern itself and all things. Thus was the Everlasting Gospel constituted the law of nature. And out of this Intelligence, according to the Law, a God was begotten, not made, and the other Gods sprang from him as children. By the law of universal order, one was made to exist, coeternally with all moral existence and life, and not only the Kings, but the Queens of Heaven derive their origin equally under its mandates. These are the makers of our spirits and the gods, and of all spiritual existences also; each of which is confined to its proper sphere and in its own order; and these are called and sent as heralds or ministers from one planetary system to another, or to the different orbs in the same system of worlds.

But enough of such horrible stuff. We only feel justified in printing it, by the necessity which exists that the people of the United States should understand what this community, which occupies such an important position in the centre of the Continent, and in relation to which the Government will shortly be called upon to take some action, really profess to believe.

In relation to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls,—they hold the *descending* grades to be the Indian, the Negro, and the beasts; the *ascending* ones they assert end in man becoming angels and even gods. Negroes, for this reason, cannot be admitted to the priesthood.

They hold that the spirit of man is "begotten," not "created" by the Father. Jo Smith said, in his last sermon, "God never did have power to create the spirit of man at all—the very idea lessens man in my estimation—I know better." A choice is given these spirits either to remain as they are, or to take a material body, and undergo the temptations and trials of earth, in order to attain in this way to a far more glorious existence than their original one. There is considerable in this portion of the Mormon doctrines, which reminds us of the views promulged in the works of the believers in "*spiritual manifestations*."

But we have neither time nor space at present for further exposition of the Mormon creed. Sufficient has been published to show that it is not Christianity, as commonly understood by Christian sects. At the same time, we must confess our surprise at finding such abstract and philosophical notions—however erroneous—among the followers of Jo Smith. We suppose that to Sidney Rigdon, who is represented as an elegant and gifted minister, is to be ascribed the credit—or, rather, the shame—of their incorporation into the Mormon creed. Rigdon afterwards deserted the main body of the believers, with a few followers, when they refused to acknowledge him as Seer, at the murder of Smith. His writings are still highly valued by the Mormons, though they regard him as the fallen morning star of their cause.

One remark, however, before we leave the subject of the Mormon faith. They accept the Bible as one of their religious books; but, according to Lieut. Gunnison, Jo Smith and his successor have taken the liberty of altering it in many places to conform to their own "inspirations." An edition, with these corrections, it is said, will shortly be published. As an example of them, Jo Smith says that the first sentence of Genesis should read:—"The head one of the Gods brought forth the Gods." "If you do not believe it," said Jo, "you do not believe the *learned* man of God."

There are some other curious statements in Lieut. Gunnison's volume, which we shall probably embrace another occasion to lay before our readers. We may close our present article by acknowledging that, after a perusal of this narrative, we no longer wonder, as we did previously, at the rapid increase of this singular sect. Combining doctrines and practices drawn from such various sources, they have points of contact and sympathy with large masses of men. Thus the Baptist can be approached through his doctrine of "immersion," the speculative free-thinker through the Hindoo and Persian philosophy which is so attractive to a certain class of minds, the high-churchman through the supremacy of the priest over the lawgiver, and the hierarchical character of the organization generally. To the sensual-minded man, who yet is restrained by outward influences of various kinds from joining the ranks of dissipation, the allurement is strong to join a sect which sanctifies the indulgence of his passions, at the same time that it confines licentiousness within certain understood limits—thus insuring as much decency as is compatible with the sensuality he inwardly longs after. To the poor—and also, for that matter, to those in comfortable circumstances—the practical brotherhood which so far has distinguished the Mormon settlements, is a great source of attraction. The christian sects, in their quarrels about conflicting points of faith, which it probably often puzzles the wisdom of the recording angels to understand, seem to forget to a very great degree the practical duty of christian brotherhood. We believe the Quakers are about the only sect that thinks it a duty to step between its poorer members and ignorance, misfortune, and starvation. Now the Mormons, from all accounts—probably as an effect of their being as yet but a comparative handful, as well as of persecution—however strongly they may believe in the duty of spoiling us Egyptians, (who they think can never rise higher in the next world, than possibly their "boot-blacks, butlers or bakers,") still do act in a brotherly manner towards each other. There are no poor in Utah. To this brotherly feeling, we have no doubt, the sect owes in a very great degree, its rapid rise; and to the consequent practice of association and mutual help, its worldly prosperity. But all of the causes of rapid increase that we have specified, except the last, will probably prove in the future equally rapid causes of decay and dissolution. And when that only genuine source of their prosperity, brotherly feeling, is destroyed by the demon of licentiousness, then Mormonism will take its place among the kindred delusions which have blazed brightly among the spiritual underbrush of this world for a time, and then gone out as rapidly, and been forgotten.

AN INFERENCE.

The celebrated Mrs. Bloomer is in Rochester, where she intends passing some time at a Water Cure establishment.

Are we to infer from the above, that her object is to be cured of Bloomerism?

Queer Economy.—In the examination of the assets of "The Economy Society," in reference to the suit brought by an expelled member, the Commissioner has come across $410,600, in specie, withdrawn from circulation during General Jackson's administration, on the suspension of specie payments by the banks, which has been lying idle in the vaults at Economy ever since. Considering that the money could have been securely invested so as to have brought in $24,600 yearly, we think the Economites have singular notions of economy. It is time their treasures were divided among the members, if they believe in locking them up to stagnate in this fashion.

Death of Mrs. Taylor.—The widow of the lamented General and President Taylor, died recently at East Pascagoula. Her maiden name was Smith, and she was, we believe, a native of Maryland.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

A [illegible] correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune thus discourses upon these always interesting subjects:—

> The husband does not ask his wife to love him absolutely, or without regard to his true [illegible]. He wishes to be loved, not because he is different from this, and the other person, but only for a certain indwelling [illegible] or humanity which declares all men one and never alike different [illegible]. He would be loved not as John Smith or Samuel Johnson, but as man. He, also, the friend or lover [illegible], and [illegible] of an [illegible] ideal. He is a [illegible] lover and a [illegible] of the [illegible] who takes to his private bible and the [illegible] of his mistress's education. He will probably repay her generous misconception, by [illegible] her in the end category. For the true lover above all persons finds himself the subject of an infinite self-love, and accepts the homage and broken protestations which dwell from his own, not as tribute to his personal vanity, but as [illegible] and power to his essential divinity. The grand mystic rapture of love is not that Fanny Gray surrenders the sum of her visible charms to Edward Morton, but that suddenly Edward Morton has found *his latent infinitude authenticated, has found his affluent and [illegible] divinity recognised by another, and so, for the first time, restored to his own recognition*. Tell the lover that his mistress's eyes are inferior to her sister's, that her shape is not so perfect, that her voice is anything but musical; you may bewilder, but you cannot disenchant him. Love is not an inductive process. It does not proceed upon an inventory of stock in hand. It is not calculated. It anticipates deliberation. In fact, it is dead and buried by the time deliberation has got on his boots.—The lover, therefore, cannot justify his passion. He can give you no reason for it. It was simply *the flashing forth of an inward and omnipotent life, under suitable outward conditions*.
>
> What a pity, then, that we do not cultivate these benign and beautiful ties up to their normal splendor! What a pity that we should so basely literalize them, as to divest them of all divine radiance! *How poorly does one now play the part of father, pastored and oppressed as he is by the entire physical and social responsibility of his child!* As far as it can, society makes them mutual incumbrances. How poorly, also, does one now play the part of lover, seeing that his recognition of his mistress's spotless infinitude is made an occasion *by society for saddling him with the whole burden of her finiteness, for enslaving him to the life-long servitude of her material interests!*

If that is not "going up like a rocket, to come down like a stick," we are no judge of such sublimated [illegible] and nonsense. The lover—that is, *this* lover—wishes his mistress not to love him as an individual, or for himself, as John Smith or Samuel Johnson, but simply as a "man." He, for his part, then will feel relieved from "saddling himself with the whole burden of her finiteness," the "life-long servitude of her material interests," as well as from "pastoring and oppressing himself with the entire physical and social responsibility of his children."

The writer evidently is a Fourierite, or a believer in some other system which looks forward to the support of wives and children by the community, and not by their husbands and fathers. We wonder it never occurred to him, when thinking how the "normal splendor of these benign and beautiful ties" was dimmed by its connection with the "burden" of a family, that everything in this world is open to the same objection. Why does he not say at once, that Life would be a splendid thing, were it not for the necessity of *working* to obtain its various felicities. But the whole supposition is a mistake—neither love nor life would be as pleasurable as they are, if all our wants were supplied without labor, and we could constantly keep the bowl of enjoyment to our lips. Men often think that it would be happiness could the lover spend every moment with his mistress—the husband with his wife and children—but they are mistaken. It is absence and labor which give the finest edge to love and pleasure. Man is a finite being, his capacity for enjoyment is limited, and pleasure easily becomes satiety and disgust. None really obtain so little of the good things of this world, as your confirmed "pleasure-seekers." The cup of cold water to the workman in the harvest-field, has a flavor surpassing that of the richest wine to the epicure—and so it is through the whole field of physical and intellectual enjoyment.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

An amusing game recently has been played in the Senate; at least it looks so to us, with no other knowledge of the matter than the regular telegraphic reports furnish.

We mentioned last week a rumor that the Democratic leaders were considering the policy of making the "Annexation of the Sandwich Islands" a rallying cry in the present canvass. What was our surprise, therefore, to see Mr. Seward offer a resolution in the Senate, directing the President to send a Commissioner to these islands, to inquire into the expediency of incorporating them with the United States. Now as Mr. Seward is regarded as a leading friend of General Scott's, this evidently was an attempt to lessen the force of the forthcoming Democratic "thunder," by showing that Gen. Scott was as ready for annexation as Gen. Pierce could be. In fact, Mr. Weller complained of Mr. Seward's course—as he already had moved in the matter in Executive session, and contemplated a similar resolution to that of the Senator from New York. The Senate, however, negatived Mr. Seward's resolution, and the matter stands where it did—and probably we shall now hear nothing further of it for a while.

These islands may be somewhat desirable, but their inhabitants are far from being so. They present one of the most mournful spectacles under the sun. When the Sandwich Islands were discovered, they were crowded with an athletic, vigorous and happy population. But in no place have the vices of a corrupt civilization taken a deeper or more terrible hold. The following passage from a recent work by Mrs. Parker, an English lady, who spent last winter on the islands, is believed to convey a true picture of their condition:—

> "I will venture to say, there is not another so corrupt and debased a people on the face of the earth, as the natives of the Sandwich Islands at this moment! Accomplished thieves and servile liars, from whom nothing but fear ever impels the truth, they have not the most distant idea of chastity, and I doubt if they have any word in their language to express it. Their licentiousness is incredible, and the child of eleven years is as deeply corrupted as the courtesan of twenty! I speak of no isolated cases, but of the whole Kanaka community, and they defend it by saying, 'It is no harm!' Poor wretches! their sin has overtaken them, for *they are dying off at the rate of twenty per cent. annually*. A few years and the race will be extinct for ever."

In relation to the offer of the King of the Sandwich Islands to transfer them to the United States, the "National Intelligencer" says it is rumored that the offer was made when the French threatened a war upon the Islands, because the King refused to admit French brandy at five per cent. duty; and that the annexation, therefore, would have been purchased at the price of a threatened war. The "Intelligencer" thinks that while the Islands remain independent, we have all the benefits from them without the trouble and expense of governing and protecting them.

Dangers of Letter-Writing.—The decision in the New Hampshire Breach of Promise case, heretofore alluded to in our columns, was "that the mere fact of correspondence between a marriageable young woman and an unmarried man was evidence from which a jury might find an engagement to marry between them. Of course the court did not deny that the production of the correspondence might explain away such a presumption of an engagement."

In view of the above singular and ridiculous decision, a correspondent of the Boston Transcript suggests the following formula, to be used in all such hazardous letter-writing:—

"My dear Miss —— ——, I send you the books which you desired to read, &c., &c. *N. B.—No legal inferences to be drawn.*"

Or perhaps it will do to add simply the words "under protest," which in time may be simplified into the initial letters, u. p., thus:—

"Yours, respectfully, u. p."

Cape May.—The steamer General McDonald came up yesterday in 6¼ hours, with 230 passengers. She leaves Dock Street wharf this morning at 8½ o'clock.

We take the above from one of our daily papers. It shows how speed is supposed to be a great recommendation of a boat to the travelling community. The prevention of racing is a matter of easy accomplishment on the part of the public. Let the majority of travellers always choose the slowest boats, and we warrant there will be no racing, either against other boats, or against time. Perhaps the best plan, however, to secure *both speed and safety*, would be to allow racing, but hang all the officers and owners of a boat if any serious harm came to the passengers. This is our "safe and easy method" with respect to steamboats—the officers and owners might not like it, but one cannot expect to please everybody.

The Golden Age.—May not this truly be called "The Golden Age," about which poets have sung so often? Besides the great diggings in California and Australia, we perceive that there is much excitement in Demerara, British Guiana, caused by a discovery of gold. Many planters, with their laborers, have started for the gold grounds, from Trinidad and probably other of the West India Islands.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

The steamboat Atlantic came in collision with the Propeller Ogdensburg, on Lake Erie, on the night of August 19th. The Atlantic was so much injured, that she soon commenced sinking. There were nearly five hundred souls on board, of whom about three hundred were saved by the propeller, which did not get to the Atlantic, [illegible] to her. The drowned were principally Norwegian and Swiss emigrants. The night was foggy, but the propeller saw the lights of the Atlantic three miles off—the lights of the propeller also were seen one mile off. We know not how much, if any, apparent variation from the true locality of a light, is caused by a dense fog; but, apart from this, the collision seems to have been the result of the grossest and most culpable carelessness. The delay of the propeller in going to the assistance of the Atlantic, was caused by the necessity of examining in the first place, into her own condition; and, secondly, by the ignorance of her officers as to the state of affairs on the sinking boat. At the time of the collision, the passengers were all in bed. Of the steerage and deck passengers—principally the emigrants above referred to—many, in their fright, at once jumped overboard. The telegraphic account says:—

> The water gained fast, and the fires in the furnaces were soon extinguished. It was quickly apparent that the boat was rapidly sinking.
>
> The scene which followed was terrible—women and children cried for succor from their husbands and fathers, whilst the terror produced by this sudden calamity, deprived the sternest heart of that presence of mind which was so necessary. The confusion which followed was such that even those who had sufficient self-possession could do but little either in aid of themselves or others. The emigrants, who could not understand a word of what was spoken to them, added to the horror of the occasion by cries of frantic terror. The cabin passengers, and others who could understand the exhortations of the captain, were comparatively calm, and provided themselves with chairs, settees, beds, &c., and all the patent life-preservers on board. Many were thus saved who would otherwise have been drowned. Great numbers of the emigrants jumped overboard, and rushed to certain death without making an effort to save themselves.
>
> Amid the wildest shrieks of the hundreds of human beings struggling in the water, or clinging to the boat, the noble steamer rapidly settled, and in a few brief moments the dark waters of the Lake closed over her. (This last, we believe, is incorrect.)

The first mate of the propeller, in his evidence before the coroner's jury, admitted that if he had ordered her course changed five minutes sooner, no collision would have taken place. He directed the engine to be stopped two minutes before they struck. The Atlantic seems to have kept her full headway. The bow of the propeller struck the Atlantic between the forward gangway and the wheelhouse, on the larboard side. The mate of the propeller says:—

> We had nearly stopped, but the Atlantic was under full headway. After ascertaining that our vessel would not sink, we went to her relief, although we did not see any signal of distress or hear her bell ring. Upon nearing her, we heard the cries of persons on board and in the water. Came up to her in about *an hour*. Her lights had disappeared and her bow was under water, though her stern was in sight and all those of her decks. Came alongside, and took off all the persons who had remained on her till now. Our boats were engaged in picking up those in the water. Afterwards we made a circle of a mile in circumference, around the wreck, keeping boats inside the circle, and I think we got on board all living persons who were in the water and on the steamer. Took probably two hundred off the steamer, and one hundred from the Lake. The Atlantic remained in the same position when we left her.

The second mate of the Atlantic states, in his evidence, that he "saw the lights of the propeller, about two minutes before the collision, and put the wheel aport, and kept her off as much as possible. He was certain that if the pilot of the propeller had put her helm aport at the same moment, the Atlantic would have cleared her." He also says that the Atlantic was within four miles from shore, and that she was immediately steered in that direction.

So far as we can judge at present, the greatest loss of life took place in consequence of the fright of the emigrants. If all had remained on the boat as long as possible, only those few would have been drowned who were unable to escape from the cabins. For it appears from the evidence that the decks of the Atlantic were above water when the propeller left the spot. On the other hand, some of those who jumped overboard may have done so with a view of avoiding the whirlpool always caused by the sinking of a vessel in deep water.

It is sad and humiliating to read that in those awful moments after the collision, "no respect was paid to either sex or age, and women were rudely repulsed (from floating objects,) and allowed to perish." Mr. Aaron Sutton, of New York, who was provided with two life preservers, states that whilst he was fastening one on his wife, a ruffian approached and snatched the other from him, but, notwithstanding this, he managed to save himself and his two children. We hope that all our readers will at the moment of perusing this, make up their minds now and forever, that if it should be their lot to be placed in any mournful scene of this kind, they will perish, if need be, but not act like dastards. To die thus is not so terrible—it is the common lot, only a little anticipated; to die, to save another, is to follow in the footsteps of our great Example, and no doubt will "cover a multitude of sins."

But, on the other hand, the occasion was not without its glorious heroisms and magnanimities. Witness the following, among other instances:—

> A young woman, who jumped overboard on the first alarm, would have drowned, but for the noble exertions of an unknown man, supposed to have been one of the emigrants, who leaped after her, and, after great difficulty, succeeded in getting her on board the steamer again from which she was taken in safety by the Ogdensburg. Her preserver, unfortunately, after seeing her safe, sunk from exhaustion, and was drowned.

Ah, "self-preservation is not the *first* law of nature." Only in a mean and cowardly age could such a maxim have attained currency. Duty, love, pity, generosity, patriotism—all take their place in noble souls above the animal instinct of physical safety.

At a meeting of the survivors of the Atlantic, held at Erie, "a series of strong resolutions were adopted, condemning the inefficiency of the so-called *life-preservers*, and censuring the owners of the steamer for the deficiency of small boats, &c. Also, calling for the arrest of all the officers and men employed on board the two steamers."

LIST OF PERSONS SAVED.

The following is a list of persons known to be saved: Mrs. Andrews, Ann Arbor, Mich; Mr. Brockway, Kenosha, Wis; Mrs L. Buckley, Battle Creek, Mich; J I D Bissel, Mobile; Alfred Clark, Coldwater; L D Crippen, do; A Calkins, Belvidere, Ill; A. Colvin, Erie Co., N Y; Mrs Cornwell; Abner C. Ellis, Sandwich, Canada; R G Everett, Greenfield, Mass; B V. R. Graves, Erie Co., N. Y; C. Huntley, Lasalle, Ill; W O Hall, Albany; Mrs F H Harris, Detroit; John W. Murphy, Express Agent; Miss Meyers, Utica; Walter Osborn, Milwaukie; A. Reed, Farmington, Ill; James Russell and lady, [illegible]; J. Shamber, Clifton, New York; Richard M. Smith, Penn-Yan, N. Y; Aaron Sutton and family, N. Y; Captain Turner, Oswego; T S. Rosenburgh, Albany; R. White and Orwell, Vt; W. Waitbridge, Buffalo, D S & W. Walbridge, Kalamazoo; L. D. Crippen, Coldwater, Mich; James Russell, N. Y; E. E. Bushnell, Genesee Co., N. Y; Robert Montgomery, N. Y. City; J. W. Bunch, Madison, N. Y; O. K. Horn, Chester Co., Pa; C. Gruen, Green Bay, Wis; Wm Bogan, Detroit; Rev Samuel Haskell, do; J. L. Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y; John F. Blake, Meriden, Conn; Miss Auld, Frankfort, N. Y; Mr. Tites and son, Detroit; Mrs. Ellis, Chicago; E. I. Wilson, Mr Kirby, and J Haskell, Detroit; Benjamin F. Lawrence and wife, Belvidere; N. J.; J. Paddock and wife, Oakland; W Birdsall, Grand Rapids; Wm. J. Hall, Albany; Miss Benyon, Henrietta, N. Y.; Josiah Brock, Wright Brockly, L. J. C. L. Peck, Rome.

Among those known or supposed to be lost, are Miss Lathrop, Lieut. Langdon, Master Rollins, Buffalo; Miss Abigail Stanley, aged 15, N. Y.; Mary J. Bosman, Milwaukie, aged 12 years; Miss Duff, Canada, aged 16.

International Copyright.—A treaty to secure an international copyright for English and American authors, has been proposed by the British Minister at Washington, and favorably responded to by President Fillmore. Although we think the evils of the present free trade system in regard to books, have been greatly exaggerated by third-rate writers, still we are willing to try the plan of giving a reciprocal copy-right to the authors of the two countries. If it does not work well, the present system can be returned to. There will be one good result from the change, the closing the mouths of certain literary gentlemen who now complain that their works do not sell, because of British competition—the true reason being their want of merit.

Reported Disaffection in Cuba.—The New York papers contain letters from Havana, stating that great excitement prevails in the island, owing to the imprisonment of numbers of the Creole population, of both sexes, on charges of disaffection and treason. These accounts may be true, but when we remember the number and magnitude of the lies sent out from that island some time ago, which deceived so many of our countrymen to their ruin, we are disposed to be very incredulous as to all similar stories. Our readers must remember that those who hold large amounts of the worthless Cuban Filibuster Bonds, have an interest in originating and circulating such inflammable statements.

The Chinese.—Three or four hundred Chinese joined in the celebration of the Fourth of July, at San Francisco. The cost of their flag was $2,000. It bore the emblematic words—"*A rush for* Republicanism," and "The Fourth of July hereafter and forever a festival day for the Chinese." That first motto is rather ambiguous, but the second is up and down Republican.

Hydrophobia.—There was quite a panic in Paris, at the last advices, relative to Hydrophobia, owing to the numerous cases which had occurred. An exterminating war was being waged against the dogs by the authorities. A Professor [illegible] had published his conviction that hydrophobia is nothing but "a nervous affection; caused only by fright and the instinct of imitation." He says it can be conquered by a resolute will, and has agreed to allow himself to be bitten by a rabid dog, to prove his theory—a certain wealthy citizen having pledged himself to pay a certain sum to the Professor's family, in the event of a fatal termination of the experiment. Is not this Paris all over? In the meantime, for the benefit of those who have not confidence in this singular theory, the Board of Health has published the following directions:—

1. Every person bit by an animal which is mad, or suspected of being mad, should immediately press the wound on all sides, to force out the blood and the virus.
2. The wound should then be immediately washed with volatile alkali, with soap-suds, with lime-water, with salt water, or pure water, or if none of these are at hand, with urine.
3. An iron, at white heat, should next be pressed deeply into the wound.

These directions, if rightly followed, will be found sufficient to ensure against the possibility of the appearance of this frightfully contagious disease.

Ammonia and Cholera.—Mr. Editor:—In the last number of your excellent paper, I see that "Liebig" discovers the presence of Ammonia in rain-water, and the thought has suggested itself to my mind whether Ammonia may not be used to prevent the presence or symptoms of *Cholera*. It is a well known fact that when Cholera has prevailed in most small towns and villages of a State, that those persons who constantly drank rain-water escaped. Now, had not the Ammonia something and much to do in this? I shall think so till some wiser one of your own tells me I am wrong. I passed through a season of Cholera in a Western city, and whilst many were dying in our midst, all those families which drank rain-water had not one case of Cholera. L. E.

Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.—A young girl, found guilty of stealing a diamond pin, worth $100, was discharged by a New York Court when brought up for sentence, because the indictment merely charged her with stealing a "pin," without setting forth whether it was a breast-pin, a clothes pin, or a brass pin. "Oh, *justice*, what deeds are done in thy name!"

An Absurd Movement.—Senator Hale, the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency, has moved a resolution of inquiry in the Senate, "as to the expediency of *annexing* the Lobos Islands to the United States." This cuts Mr. Webster entirely out of his guano "thunder."

New Publications.

Lotus-Eating: A Summer Book. By George William Curtis, author of "Nile Notes," "Howadji in Syria," &c. Illustrated by Kensett. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston: Philadelphia.

This is light and pleasant reading—sketches of travel, fresh as just uncorked champagne, from the present season's recreation. Mr. Curtis touches upon the prominent points of interest along a favorite track of Summer tourists—the Hudson, comparing that river with the Rhine, Catskill, Catskill Falls, Trenton, Niagara, Saratoga, Lake George, Nahant, Newport—each subject treated with a luxuriant play of fancy and a soft-flowing word-music, in which we recognize the poetic and polished pen of "the Howadji." We extract the following, relative to

NIAGARA.

Nothing struck me more than the ease of access to the very verge of the cataract. Upon the narrow point between the large and small American falls you may sit upon the soft bank on a tranquil afternoon, dabbling your feet in the swiftly slipping water, reading the most dreamy of romances, and soothed by the huge roar, as if you were the vicegerent of the prophet, and the flow of the cool, smooth river but the constant careening of troops of slaves, and the roar of the cataract but hushed voices singing their lord to sleep.

But if in your reading you pause, or if the low ripple of talk subsides, in which your soul was laved, as your frame in the gurgling freshness of woodstreams, and your eyes are left charmed upon the current—or if your dream dissolves and you behold the water, its own fascination is not less than that of the romance. It flows so tranquilly, is so unimpatient of the mighty plunge, that it woos and woos you to lay your head upon its breast and slide into dreamless sleep.

Darkling, I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death—
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstacy!
Still wouldst thou sing and I have ears in vain;
To thy high requiem become a sod.

So sang Keats to the nightingale which sang to him, and whoever was really so enamored could ill resist the seduction of the stream at the Falls. For in its might subsides all fear. It is a force so resistless, that it would need only a slight step, the merest overture of your will. If Niagara were in France, I am confident the Frenchmen would make suicide pic-nics to the Cataract. Unhappy lovers would take express trains, and their "quietus make" where their dirge would be endless. The French, of course, would add the melo-dramatic character of such an ending to its intrinsic charms, and even John Bull might forego the satisfaction of a leap from the Duke of York's column for a Niagarian annihilation.

As you sit, chatting and wondering, upon the bench at this point, you are sure to hear the sad romance of two years since. A young man caught up a child and swung it to and fro over the water only a few feet from the precipice, laughing gaily and feigning fright, when suddenly the child sprang from his arms into the rapid. He stepped in instantly, for the water near the shore is not more than two feet deep, and caught her again in his arms. But the treacherous stones at the bottom were so slippery with the constant action of the water, that, although he could resist the force of the stream, he could not maintain his foothold, and was swept, with the child in his arms, and his betrothed mistress watching him from the bank, directly over the fall. The man who told me the story was a musician, and had still a low tone of horror in his voice; for he said that, as the young man came to the Point, he told him there was to be a dance that evening, and that he must have his music ready. They had scarcely parted, his words were yet ringing in his ears, when he heard a curdling shriek of terror, and knew that "somebody had gone over the Falls."

The Child at Home; or, The Principles of Filial Duty Familiarly Illustrated. By John S. C. Abbott, Author of "The Mother at Home," "Josephine," "Napoleon," &c., &c. Very Greatly Improved and Enlarged. With Numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, No. 25 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of a series of excellent and instructive works which have been received with great favor by the religious community—"translated into many different languages, and circulated very extensively throughout the Christian world."

It is difficult to understand how the same rigid moralist that writes these moral and religious works, should be one of the most adroit and constant apologizers for the cold selfishness and unbounded ambition of Napoleon's career.

A Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary For the Use of Schools. Chiefly from the Lexicons of Freund, Georges, and Kaltschmidt. By Charles Anthon, L.L.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, &c. Published by Harper & Brothers. New York: and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a more copious work than the dictionary of the same kind formerly published by Mr. Anthon; and is designed for libraries and advanced students.

A Craven.—In the recent calamity on the Hudson, a husband admits that he told his wife, who was clinging to him in the water, to let go her hold or *he* should be drowned. With that true devotion the women ever shows to man, however worthless, she generously obeyed, and sank to rise no more—nobly sacrificing her own life to increase the chances of saving his.

Self-preservation may be the first law of *Nature*, but it is the last thought of Love! No woman would have cast off to perish, in similar circumstances, her clinging husband. No—she would, like Petrea, have shared his fate, and *shown him how to die*.—*Lantern*.

☞ A French botanist is said to have demonstrated that wheat is a transmutation of a kind of wild grass. Doubtful.

☞ **Plantain Leaves.**—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, states that plantain leaves, if pounded in a mortar, and the juice squeezed out through cloth, will, if mixed with cool water in mild doses, taken on an empty stomach, destroy the effects of poison ivy, even if its marks cover the whole body.

☞ Lowell Mason, now in Europe, writes that it has become fashionable in England and to some extent on the Continent, to omit the *interlude*—or playing between the stanzas—by the organ, in singing hymns.

☞ Inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and makes the decay of it invisible.

☞ A dread of the effects of chloroform, in consequence of the fatality that has repeatedly followed its administration of late, may finally induce the dentists to fall back on pure ether, which was never known to do any harm.—*Medical Journal*.

Miscellaneous.

BROWN HOUSES AND LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

BY A. J. DOWNING.

There are fashions in all things, and so far from undervaluing the importance of imitation as a means of improvement, we are inclined to value it for all it is worth. Many a man who would never be led to make any progress in mental, moral, or social culture, for the intrinsic value of these things in themselves, is induced to do so because he finds others considering them essential. The powerful, original, inventive minds lead; the merely imitative and dull are content to follow. The misfortune is, that in following, they often lose the spirit, and pertinaciously adhering to the letter, they blunder into errors, sometimes more ludicrous than those they seek to cure.

We are led to these remarks by observing how, when the absurdity of an old idea is pointed out, and it begins to be abandoned by those who think and act first in such matters—those who think and act from some principle—it is often taken up and carried to excess, by those who see or understand no principle at all, but merely adopt it because it is the fashion to do so.

An amusing example of this is the rage now in vogue in New York, for painting all dwellings of a dingy brown color—"Victoria brown," we believe the painters call it. It so happened, that along with the building of Trinity Church, in New York, some ten years ago, sprung up quite a new and improved taste in architecture. This grew partly out of the novelty of seeing, for the first time, a really good church built of solid stone, the beautiful details of which were finely executed in the comparatively soft sandstone used in that building, and also from the fact, made manifest by the extensive use of that material, that the beauty resulting from enriched architecture, a thing almost impossible in cold, hard granite, was not only possible, but delightful in a more pliant material. Captivated by the use of a building material in which edifices no longer frowned in the sternness of gray rock, but smiled in the softness of "freestone," granite and brick were almost abandoned, and churches, shop-fronts, and private dwellings, with solid-looking façades of this brown stone, have sprung up all over New York, as if by magic.

It is undeniable that the use of this stone has amazingly improved the character of the buildings, both public and private, that adorn all the newer and better portions of the city; for there can never be any comparison instituted between the expressionless brick walls that formerly made up all of New York, (and that still make up all of Philadelphia and Baltimore,) and the more expressive and architectural effects that have grown up since freestone has come into general use.

Architecture, like sculpture, demands *stone* before it can develope and blossom in all its fair proportions—and dull and monotonous as much of the brown sandstone* used in New York is, we owe it to its greater facility under the chisel, the only just pretension to architectural beauty, that any of our cities have yet made.

So far, it is all very well. There is something real in the color of any stone, and, therefore, in a certain degree, satisfactory, because it is the natural color—though the stone may be by no means the best one.

But now comes the imitation—the false instead of the real—the paste instead of the diamond. Brown stone houses are the best houses in town; therefore, they are the fashion. Now, unfortunately, there are many brick houses that cannot, by any conjurer's wand, be turned into brown stone. Still, the owner is very unhappy not to live in a brown stone house—it is such a miserable thing not to be *à la mode*. What is to be done? The house-painter is the only man who alone can solve this problem. And he solves it by *painting* his house "Victoria brown"—*i. e.*, the fashionable dingy brown stone color, (in imitation of our freestone.)

Now, as we think few things uglier than red brick walls, we have no objection to calling in the help of the painter to impart the agreeable impression of a pleasing color, instead of so ugly one—to the otherwise insipid, meagre, brick surface. All that we complain of is, that anybody should be forced to swallow, as a quack medicine to cure all diseases that the optic nerve is heir to, this eternal, dingy "Victoria brown."

The only object of painting the surface, (beyond that of preserving it,) is to please the eye. Why, not, therefore, choose a pleasing drab, or a soft, warm gray, or a light, mellow fawn, or any one of the many quiet, *neutral tints*, that are as easily mixed in a paint-pot as this dingiest and most melancholy color—the color of dead leaves in autumn? Why not take two or three shades (only *shades*, not distinct colors,) of the same drab or gray, and by painting the body of the house one shade, the window-dressings and the cornice another, and the blinds another, give some pleasing variety of expression (for color alone is capable of doing wonders in this way) to our otherwise monotonous, meagre piles of brick houses? Why not?—but it is useless to inquire! The painter, shaking his "Victoria brown" brush at you, stops your mouth with that answer, from which, in the opinion of the multitude, there is no appeal, "this is the color, sir, everybody prefers now."

If fashionable Victoria brown is simply an error of taste in town, it is an abomination—a miserable cockneyism in the country. But in the country it has come, (at least everywhere within three miles of New York,) and we, who used to put our eyes out with the everlasting glare of white paint, (with only the vulgar relief of very green blinds,) are now being "done brown"—*Victoriaized*—(poor innocent Republicans as we are)—simply because Trinity Church was built of brown stone, and some ignorant *John Bull* of a house-painter took it into his head to daub over all the brick houses in Gotham, as nearly like brown stone as he could make them.

Seriously, we protest against this snuff-colored mixture, with which our dwellings, good, bad and indifferent, are likely to be painted out of existence—for "Victoria brown" is a most suicidal, melancholy color. There are, to be sure, many houses so little calculated to awaken any emotions but those of wonder as to how they came to be built—houses that we would like to see deeply dyed of some hue that would render them quite *invisible* to mortal gaze. But others there are that the eye rests on with delight—beautiful country houses—perhaps modest cottages, with latticed porches, half overgrown with the "lush woodbine," or pretty villas, embowered in shrubbery, and smooth lawns, or pleasant, rambling, farm-houses, seated amid blossoming orchards, or, mayhap, stately mansions, with park-like meadows, studded with noble groups of that loveliest and most graceful of all American trees, the Weeping Elm; and from all such we implore a respite! We beg all true lovers of good taste to protect these fair homes in the country from the rude assaults of these Knights of the Brush—these valiant Don Quixotes of the "Victoria brown" regiment, who go about attacking all that does not wear their color, more desperately and omnipotently than Don Quixote of old did the windmills of La Mancha.

This is the epidemic of *New York*. That of New England has taken a widely different shape. The tendencies of our Eastern neighbors always take a more subtle and spiritual direction, and, accordingly, we find that while the rural districts of New York are brown-stone blind—or rather blind to everything but brown, the country folks Down-East are equally distracted on the subject of lightning rods!

We have never heard from scientific men, that New England is a land peculiarly liable to be *struck by lightning*, (rather famous it is generally, for *strikes* of another sort,) but certainly, any person travelling for the first time through that part of the Union, at the present day, would set it down as a fixed fact, that it was "Down-East" alone that Spencer could have had in his imagination when he was led to say—

The sky in pieces seeming to be rent
Throws lightning forth, and hail, and harmful showers.

Why, there is scarcely a house worth five hundred dollars, in Connecticut or Massachusetts, which has not, within the last half-dozen years, mounted a *chevaux de frise* of bristling steel conductors, as terrible to the eye of a lover of repose in the country, as the serried ranks of one of Napoleon's invincible hollow squares, presenting innumerable bayonets at all conceivable points of attack, were to his enemies. A new neighbor strolling out for the first time, and encountering one of these domicils, armed from top to toe with iron rods, and "presenting arms" at every angle, at the top of every chimney, the turn of every corner, yea, and at intervals of every half dozen feet, where, along the straight ridge of the roof, there are no angles—would he not turn back with dismay, with all thoughts of seeking hospitality at such a house driven clean out of his head?

We are at a loss to know how our shrewd neighbors of New England have been persuaded into such a very considerable loss of needless expenditure, as this same hideous display of lightning conductors on every house must have cost, all over that populous country. We suppose that some neighbor, "smarter" than the "others," must have waved his [illegible] rod over them, with some potent spell of incantation, to have produced such an effect on a whole people, where the schoolmaster is so thoroughly abroad as he is there. We have questioned and cross-questioned, and for the life of us, cannot ascertain that any greater damage is sustained in the farm buildings and village dwellings of New York and Pennsylvania, where one lightning rod answers for a whole building, than in New England, where it takes fifty or one hundred points of the very sharpest description, shooting up into the air in all directions.

We know very well the philosophy of protection which the savans have laid down—that only a certain circle beyond the conductor's point of radius, is protected by that point—but, in good truth, it is but very rarely that a dwelling is struck at all—because tall trees standing near and about it, conduct away the fluid first, and any barn with a cupola ventilator, and a single high rod surmounting it, one which may be made most useful and ornamental, would be amply protected.

At any rate, we would as soon have a fire engine, with all its customary accessories of noisy boys, and red flannel shirts, and hoarsely bellowing trumpets, standing perpetually before our front door, because a fire might break out once in fifty years, as to have our house [illegible] and stuck with sharp points in all imaginable directions, because such a misfortune might happen as for the electric fluid to step out of its usual current to pay us a visit. In the town where we live, with a population of eleven thousand souls, not one house in five has even one lightning conductor, and we do not remember, in the whole of our life, of a single death by lightning, or one house damaged to the extent of one hundred dollars. Certainly, a wise man will not build a good house and neglect a reasonable share of precaution to guard it against possible mischance—but this hysterical nervousness of our good New England friends, about lightning is a mania about which they have not the less run "clear daft," than we, in this part of the country, have with that optical abomination, the "Victoria brown" disease.

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* We notice with pleasure, that several of the newer structures in New York are of a sandstone of a much lighter shade, the color of which is very handsome.

Advice to California Emigrants.—A California correspondent of the Ledger, of this city gives the following apparently sensible advice to emigrants:—

1st. Come by the mail line, and make sure that your tickets will carry you through with the mail. 2nd. When on shore, put up at a good hotel, and sleep in the upper stories, and not upon the ground floor. 3rd. Avoid the fruits, and much of the meats of the Isthmus. 4th. Take a supply of medicines for your own use, as the doctor on the ship, as well as those on shore, charge very high for the simplest articles, some of which you will not fail to need. 5th. Bring double blankets and both your Winter and Summer clothing, and change prudently with the weather. 6th. Bring a bottle of good port wine, if you are debilitated; it will bring you up. 7th. If you should be sick, avoid violent measures, but act promptly and with prudence, and as soon as the tongue becomes coated, dark brown, resort to tonics, quinine, beef-tea and wine, with caution. 8th. Avoid the night air. And now, "Had you better come?" you will ask me. I would answer, that so far as prospects in this city are at present, you will find great difficulty in getting anything to do; there are hundreds now seeking employment in this city. As it regards mining operations, I can only speak from current reports. At present, the mines are yielding more than at any former period; but they are more full of miners, and the Chinamen are effecting great changes in mining prospects; the Americans, however, drive them from the best claims. In the course of the next month I expect to receive information from a number of our passengers, in different locations, and will give you the information.

Razors.—Barbers often tell us that razors get tired of shaving, but if laid by for twenty days they will then shave well. By microscopic examination, it is found that the tired razor, from long stropping by the same hand and in the same directions, has the ultimate particles or fibres of its surface or edge all arranged in one direction, like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but after a month's rest, these fibres re-arrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other and presenting a saw-like edge, each fibre supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by. These and many other instances are offered to prove that the ultimate particles of matter are always in motion, and they say that in the process of welding, the absolute momentum of the hammer causes an entanglement of orbits of motion, and hence a re-arrangement, as in one piece; indeed, in the cold state, a leaf of gold laid on a polished surface of steel, and stricken smartly with a hammer, will have its particles forced into the steel, so as to permanently gild it at the point of contact.

☞ With all its immense size; with all the throngs that crowd the thoroughfares; with all the rain, (and there has been no day for a long while during which it has not rained more than once,) which is continually falling; be it known to our corporation and our citizens, that the streets of London are always clean. I have never seen one crossing over which a lady could not with safety walk.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Lake Erie Collision.—Since writing the account in another column, we have seen it denied that the night was foggy. It is also said that very many emigrants perished in the forward cabin, which was flooded in a moment by the water. Fifteen bodies have been recovered. They were all without clothing, and could not be identified.

Capt. Marcy Safe.—A letter has been received from the Captain, announcing the safe arrival of himself and command at Fort Washington.

The Lobos Islands.—A communication to Congress from the President, encloses a correspondence between Peru and Mr. Webster relative to these islands. The latter still doubts Peru's claim of ownership, but says, that, under all the circumstances, the President has given orders to our naval officers on that station to prevent collision until further examination of the question, and that no countenance will be given to American vessels attempting to defend themselves by force. Just as we expected. We knew the whole affair was very harmless "thunder"—not lightning.

Another Steamboat Accident.—The steamer Franklin No. 2, for Louisville, burst her boiler on the 23rd, shortly after leaving St. Louis. The telegraphic despatch says that fifteen lives were lost, and 47 persons severely injured. The engineer is accused of negligence.

A Problem for the Scientific.—There are observable at Rye Beach, near the Ocean House, at extreme low water, the stumps of a forest thickly studding the sand. They are the remains of trees of a large growth, but what kind, the change wrought in them by time and the action of the sea renders it impossible to determine—at least upon a cursory examination. We do not learn that they have ever been seen before the present season, the severe storms of last Spring apparently having washed the sand from them and left them distinctly exposed to view. There appears to be no account of them from history or tradition. How is the phenomenon to be explained? Was the bed of the ocean in this quarter once verdure covered earth, which some mighty convulsion of nature sunk beneath the waters, at a period to which the "memory of man runneth not?" The subject is certainly deserving the attention of both the curious and the scientific.—*Ports. (N. H.) Gaz.*

Singular Occurrence.—Two interesting boys, one the son of Mr. West, of Oswego, Kendall County, and the other of Mr. Orville Cagwin, of Lockport, were killed on Friday week near the former place, in the following singular manner, as related in the Chicago Journal:—They went out to play among some young cattle, taking with them a rope, an end of which each tied around his body, in a slipping knot, in order to scare the cattle over it, and trip them down. While engaged in their sport, one of the cattle, in going over the rope, accidentally caught it over his horns; and, being frightened, ran off, dragging the unfortunate boys after him, whipping against a fence and around its corners. When released, they were both insensible. On removing the rope, the waist of one was said to be so compressed that it was only about four inches in circumference, and the other about six. Both have since died.

State Fairs for 1852.—The following is a list of the Agricultural Fairs to be held, during the coming Fall, in various sections of the Union:—Vermont and Rutland, Sept. 1, 2, 3; New York, at Utica, Sept. 7, 8, 9, 10; Ohio, at Cleveland, Sept. 15, 16, 17; Michigan, at Detroit, Sept. 22, 23, 24; Canada West, at Toronto, Sept. 21 to 24; Indiana, at Indianapolis, Oct. 19, 20, 21; Pennsylvania, at Lancaster, Oct. 20, 21, 22; Wisconsin, at Milwaukie, Oct. 6, 7, 8; New Hampshire, Oct. 6, 7, 8; Georgia, Oct. 18 to 23; Maryland, at Baltimore, Oct. 26, 27, 28, 29; Am. Pomological Congress, at Philadelphia, Sept. 13; American Institute, at New York, Oct. 5; American Ins. Exhibition of Stock, Oct. 19, 20, 21.

☞ The "Black Laws" of Indiana, were repealed at the last session of the Legislature of that State. It was done unintentionally, by the passage of a general repealing law, repealing all laws of the State not enacted at the same session, with certain exceptions. They are now on the same footing with the whites as to giving testimony, and it is hoped that the matter now will be allowed to rest.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LETTERS, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, Mr. Cass moved to take up the bill making appropriations for the construction of a ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary. Agreed to.

The original bill proposed to grant 500,000 acres of public land to the State of Michigan, to enable her to construct the canal.

Mr. Felch had moved a substitute for this, authorizing the Secretary of War to contract for the construction of a ship canal, at a cost not exceeding $400,000.

Mr. Toucey had moved to amend this, by adding: that when the canal was completed it should be kept in repair, &c., by the levying of tolls sufficient for that purpose.

Mr. Cass addressed the Senate at length, showing the importance of the work to the commerce of the country. He also maintained that this canal, by affording the means of sending the United States naval forces from one lake to another, in time of war, was necessary for the defence of the country. In the course of his remarks, he said he would have no objection to the annexation of Canada, nor to the acquisition of Cuba, could that result be accomplished without a war. He would not go to war to attain that end, but if one should occur, he would have no objection to such a consequence.

Mr. Butler said, no war was anticipated—none could occur—it was not to be expected in that country. The last spot on earth where Great Britain would send an army to attack the United States, would be the North-West Territory. Great Britain knew well enough that the Senator, with one of his Sempronian speeches, could rouse his people in that region, to such a pitch that they would charge the British fleet upon horseback. Great Britain would never attack the United States in the gentleman's neighborhood. It would be like bearding the lion in his den. He contended that the only object of the work, was to develope the local resources of Michigan and that region. To this development, he had no objection if done at the cost only of those benefited.

Mr. Douglas said, he was in favor of granting land for this work, and thereby give some value to the hundred millions of acres of public land now lying worthless, because of this obstacle to navigation. On this ground he would support a grant of land to construct this canal. A canal for military defence could, with as much propriety, be constructed around the Falls of Niagara, to do which would cost twenty five millions. He would oppose a canal being constructed around Niagara, as a war measure, because in case of war it would be cheaper to take possession of the Welland Canal and use it until the war was over. For the same reason he would oppose the construction of forts on the Northern Frontier. If war should take place, it would be more expeditious and cheaper to take the British forts. He considered all the British forts and canals in that region as built for American use, in case of war, and it was cheaper to let Great Britain build them than to do so ourselves. He would oppose this money appropriation, because it would be a severe blow to internal improvements. Such works could only prosper when undertaken by the States. Internal improvements could be made by the States for half what it would cost the United States.

Mr. Pratt said, that if the doctrine of the Senator from Illinois was correct, then, no appropriations could be made for internal improvements, except to those States in which there were public lands.

Mr. Toucey's amendment was rejected. Yeas 23, nays 28.

The amendment to strike out the grant of land, and insert an appropriation of $400,000 was rejected—yeas 21, nays 30.

The bill now stood simply as granting land to Michigan, to aid in constructing the canal.

Mr. Walker said, that as perhaps this would be the last opportunity of having a vote on the River and Harbor Bill, he moved to add that bill to this. Rejected. Yeas 20, nays 32.

Mr. Atchison moved to increase the amount of land granted, from 500,000 acres to 750,000 acres, pending which motion the Senate adjourned.

On the 17th, a message was received from the President, in reply to Mr. Seward's resolution, requesting the President to inform the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interests, whether any proposition has been made to the United States by the King of the Sandwich Islands, to transfer the sovereignty of those islands to the United States. The President states, that on or about the 12th of June last, he received a similar resolution, adopted in Executive session, by the Senate, to which he had replied, that it would not, in his opinion, be advantageous to the public interest to disclose whether such a proposition had been made or not. Since that time, nothing had occurred to change his opinion. He, therefore, declined to answer the inquiry.

Mr. Seward moved that the message be referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and he wished to offer the following resolution, which he desired should take the same reference:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to send a Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, who shall be instructed to inquire into the expediency of instituting negotiations for the acquisition of those islands.

The Chair said the resolution was not now in order.

Mr. Weller said he had offered the resolution in Executive session, and after the reply by the President, he had given notice that he would offer it in open session, and he was somewhat surprised that the Senator from New York should have anticipated him.

Mr. Badger—He took your thunder.

Mr. Weller said he desired to discuss this motion to refer, and moved it be laid on the table.

Mr. Badger said he also would have something to say on the subject.

The motion to lay on the table was agreed to.

Mr. Pearce reported a bill for the payment of the Texas creditors.

Mr. Hunter reported back the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, with amendments.

Mr. Seward offered his resolution, concerning the acquisition of the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. Felch said the resolution must lie over, and it was laid over.

On motion of Mr. Felch, the Senate took up the bill for the ship canal around the Falls of Sault Saint Marie. The subject was discussed by Senators Smith, Borland, Walker, Badger, Douglas, Jones, &c.

Mr. Hale moved to amend the bill, by adding to it the Homestead Bill. He supported the amendment, and urged that this was the only hope of getting that bill through.

Mr. Smith opposed attaching House bills to Senate bills. He was for acting on the House bills separately.

Mr. Cass said he would support the Homestead Bill, but not as an amendment to this bill.

Mr. Hale said, that at the session of 1848, Mr. Walker's amendment for the civil expenses of the Territories was attached to a private bill.

Mr. Cass said he was not in the Senate then.

Mr. Hale said, he knew that the Senator had resigned.

Mr. Cass said that Mr. Douglas would assume that responsibility.

Mr. Hale said he had nothing to gain by attaching any responsibility to either of them, although he might have had, if a certain Baltimore Convention had acted differently. He had been asked if he would follow the Senator's example, and resign, and he had answered he would consult the Senator from Michigan as to the propriety of so doing. He desired to know, if by so doing, his chances would be benefited? [Laughter.]

Mr. Cass—No, no, I think not.

Mr. Hale said, that as there were only two weeks of the session left between now and the election, he would not resign, but would remain and face the music. He complimented Mr. Cass for his support of the Homestead Bill, and then withdrew his amendment.

The amendment increasing the quantity of land granted to 750,000 acres, was agreed to—yeas 28, nays 21. After which the bill was ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Hunter moved to take up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. Rejected. And the River and Harbor Bill was taken up—28 to 19. Then adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Hale offered a resolution, directing an inquiry, by the Committee on Foreign Relations, as to the expediency of annexing the Lobos Islands to the United States. Laid over.

The bill, granting land to the several States, for the support of the indigent insane, (Miss Dix's bill,) was received from the House, and referred to a select committee of five.

The bill, providing for the construction of a ship canal around the Falls of the St. Mary, in Michigan, was passed.

The River and Harbor Bill then was taken up. An attempt to amend it was opposed by Cass, Downs, Bright, &c., and supported by Hamlin, Soulé, Borland, Atchison, &c. Then adjourned.

On the 19th, the Wheeling Bridge Bill was received from the House, and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The River and Harbor Bill was next taken up. The amendment changing the phraseology of the item, containing an appropriation for deepening the channel of the mouth of the Mississippi River, was agreed to.—Yeas 37; nays 13.

The Bill was further debated. Then adjourned.

On the 20th, Mr. Hale made another ineffectual motion to take up the Homestead Bill.

Mr. Mason was opposed to taking up the bill. His opposition was strengthened by the quarter whence the motion came. It was well-known that the Senator who made this motion, had been nominated for the Presidency, by a party called Abolitionists, Liberty-men, or Free Soilers; this bill was a plank in the platform of the Convention which nominated him.

The Chair said that the Senator's motives could not be questioned.

The motion to take up the bill was rejected by the following vote: ayes 15, nays 33.

Mr. Rusk reported back the House bill to amend the Postage Laws, with the following amendments: That the postage on newspapers, periodicals, and all printed matter not exceeding three ounces, shall be, sent to any part of the United States, one cent, and where the postage is paid quarterly, or regularly in advance, where the same is mailed or delivered, one-half of said rates only shall be charged; newspapers, not weighing over one ounce and a half, when circulated in the State where published, shall be charged one-half of the rates before named, provided that small newspapers, published monthly, when sent in packages to one address, pre-paid, by affixing stamps thereto, shall be chargeable at half-a-cent for each ounce. Postage on all transient matter shall be pre-paid, or charged double the foregoing rates; and that all books, bound or unbound, not weighing over four pounds, shall be deemed mailable matter, and charged with postage at one cent an ounce for all distances under 3,000 miles, and two cents an ounce for all distances over 3,000 miles, to which 50 per cent. shall be added, in all cases where the same may be sent without being pre-paid. The bill was taken up, these amendments agreed to, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Shields reported, from the Select Committee, the House bill granting land to the States for the benefit of the indigent insane.

Mr. Hamlin reported back the House bill, providing for the election of public printer, and fixing the prices for public printing, stating that the Committee were unable to agree upon it. The Senate refused to take up, ayes 25, nays 25.

The Committee on Foreign Relations reported a resolution censuring Mr. Bartlett, our Commissioner, for his course in running the Mexican Boundary line.

The River and Harbor Bill was then taken up, and a number of amendments adopted.

On the 21st, the Select Committee reported unanimously in favor of Mr. Mallory's, of Florida, right to his seat. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up. A large number of amendments reported were agreed to. Then postponed.

The River and Harbor Bill was then taken up, and any number of river amendments made to it.

Mr. Borland moved to insert $25,000 for the improvement of Black and White Rivers, in Arkansas.

Mr. Cass earnestly opposed loading the bill with any more amendments. If Senators continued to add appropriations for rivers, there would be amendments offered for the improvement of Black, White, and Red Rivers, and rivers of every color of the rainbow.

Mr. Borland said he did not believe that either black or white was a color of the rainbow.

The amendment was debated at length, and finally rejected.

Mr. Geyer moved to strike out the appropriation of $50,000 for the Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas and Ohio Rivers, and insert the following: "For the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi River, below the Rapids, $50,000; for the improvement of the Ohio River, including repairs of the dam at Cumberland Island, $50 000; and for the Missouri and Arkansas Rivers, $40,000 each.

Mr. Shields moved an appropriation of $15,000 for the Harbor and Breakwater at Waukegan, on the Lakes. Adopted.

Mr. Borland moved to insert an appropriation of $150,000, for the construction of snag-boats, dredging-boats, scows, &c., necessary for the improvement of the Mississippi, Missouri, and other Western Rivers. Pending which motion, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 16th, Mr. Fuller, of Maine, from the Committee on Commerce, reported back the Senate bill, for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of steamboats. On his motion, the amendments of the Committee were ordered to be printed, and the further consideration of the subject was postponed until Thursday.

Mr. Durkee rose to a question of order. He said during his absence from Washington, Mr. Aikin had made a serious charge against his character, which he now wished to defend. He then alluded to his remarks, the other day, about a negro who was sentenced to be hung in Charleston, S. C., some years ago, but who, for certain reasons, was taken from the gallows, nobody being found, even for a reward of one thousand dollars, to act as Jack Ketch; and in this connection, he alluded to Mr Aikin's refutation as to the truth of the statement. He said he meant no disrespect to South Carolina, but had alluded to the incident in compliment to South Carolina—compliment to that State, to show the triumph of humanity over a statute law—a triumph of the higher law of reason and humanity. In the course of his remarks, he complimented Mr. Calhoun as a pure statesman, whatever his political defects; and said that the South Carolina Delegation contained more of the elements of independence than those of North Carolina, and that there is more of servility in the latter than in the former.

Mr. Aikin explained, and the matter here ended.

The Wheeling Bridge was then discussed. Adjourned.

On the 17th, the Wheeling Bridge case was discussed during the morning hour.

The bill granting to the several States 10,000,000 acres of the public lands, for the benefit of indigent insane persons was passed—yeas 98, nays 51.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Navy Appropriation Bill. After some remarks of Messrs. Stanton and Schoonmaker,

Mr. Horace Mann proceeded to speak of the Whig and Democratic National Conventions, and to condemn their action on the slavery question, which he said was an outrageous and cruel attempt to silence the voice of mankind on a subject most important to the human heart. They might as well have tried to force the oak back into the acorn, or drive the spirit of the nineteenth century back into the dark ages, as to silence discussion on this subject. He then proceeded to condemn slavery in the strongest terms, depicting the degrading evils and enormous crimes attached to it, when

Mr. Polk asked him now to paint a picture of the condition of the negroes of the Northern States.

Mr. Mann—I will at another time.

Mr. Polk—I insist upon it now. The remarks are unworthy of a member on this floor, and therefore I ask that he give it now. [Sensation, and cries of "order, order."]

Mr. Mann—The gentleman must not forbid our discussing slavery.

Mr. Polk—I brand as a slander that which you are guilty of uttering.

Mr. Mann—It is not for others, when a gentleman obtains the floor, to dictate the topics on which he shall speak.

Mr. Polk, who was seated on the opposite side of the hall, cried out, "You have perpetrated a foul slander on the South." [Cries of "order," and much excitement.]

Mr. Harris, of Alabama, rose to a question of order. The gentleman was assailing an existing institution of the South—an institution sanctioned by the Constitution.

The Chairman, Mr Ficklin, decided the latitude of the debate in Committee was broad, and the gentleman was in order. [Gentlemen were now standing in all parts of the Hall.]

Mr. Polk—I would ask whether it is right for the gentleman to thus assail the institutions of the South, in which many of us are interested, when he does not hold himself responsible for the insult? [Cries of "Order," and the Chairman rattling with his gavel.]

Mr. Mann—I hope this interruption will not come out of my time.

Mr. Fowler—I rise to say, that when a Massachusetts man, in the possession of his prerogative, has the floor, he should be permitted to go on, and the House should sustain the Chair.

Mr. Polk—When a gentleman propagates a falsehood on one half of the nation, he should not be allowed to go on.

Mr. Meade—I ask for the reading of the Thirty-First Rule.

Mr. J. W. Howe—I ask for the reading of the two platforms. [Laughter.]

Mr. Meade—The two platforms and the Thirty-First Rule prohibit the discussion of the question before the Committee, for it is not germain to the subject pending.

The Chairman said, if his decision was not satisfactory, an appeal could be taken from it.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said that some gentleman who had talked about everything else could appeal.

Mr. Polk—I take the responsibility and appeal from the decision of the Chair, and I hold the gentleman from Ohio in the same contempt I do the gentleman from Massachusetts. I say to the gentleman from Ohio, that I hold him—[The remaining part of the sentence was drowned in the loud cries of "Order, order."]

The Chairman (the question having been taken) was sustained in deciding the gentleman from Massachusetts in order, and comparative quiet ensued, when

Mr. Mann resumed and concluded his remarks, showing, among other things, how badly President Fillmore, General Cass, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Webster, and other distinguished men had been treated by the South, notwithstanding their submission to the slave power. He also expressed his surprise that an attempt had been made to gag him down because he spoke the words of truth.

Mr. Stanton obtained the floor, and was proceeding to speak in favor of an amendment, authorizing the construction, by Mr. Stevens, of N. J., of a vessel impervious to shot and shells, for harbor defence, when he yielded to a motion that the Committee rise, which prevailed. Adjourned.

On the 18th, the Wheeling Bridge case was continued.

The House then went into Committee on the Navy Appropriation Bill. Various amendments were discussed.

Mr. Stuart offered an amendment that no appointment of Midshipmen to the Naval School, shall be made, unless recommended by the member of Congress representing the District in which the applicant resides, and the appointments shall be made in the same manner as Cadets to West Point. Agreed to. Adjourned.

On the 19th, the bill declaring the Wheeling Bridges to be legal structures, and post routes, was taken up.

Mr. Olds concluded his remarks in favor of the bill, when Mr. Dean moved to lay it on the table. Decided negatively—yeas 35, nays 119.

The bill was passed—yeas 115, nays 43.

Mr. Stanly having the floor on the bill for the relief of Thomas Ritchie, yielded it to Mr. Houston, who moved the House go into Committee for the purpose of considering the Navy Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Bayly made a question of order, connected with the priority of business. Some time since, he said, the French Spoliation Bill was received from the Senate, and he wished to know its present condition, as the subject excites a vast deal of interest in the country. The Speaker replied, that the bill, in his opinion, is in the fourth class, and will be the first business in order when that class shall be reached, and not otherwise.

Mr. Walsh, for the purpose of testing the question, moved that the House proceed to the business on the Speaker's table. The Speaker said that Mr. Houston's motion was first in order.

Mr. Walsh demanded the yeas and nays, which were ordered: when the name of Mr. Hall was reached, he considered it necessary to say, concerning the question involved in the French Spoliation Bill, that he had paired off.

A voice—This does not involve that bill.

Mr. Bayly—Yes it does.

The question was then taken, and the House, by yeas 73, nays 91, refused to go into Committee.

Mr. Walsh renewed his motion to proceed with the business on the Speaker's table, and it was agreed to, yeas 91, nays 69, but without doing so, the House went into Committee, yeas 63, nays 60, and resumed the consideration of the Navy Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, offered an amendment, to the effect that no member of Congress shall nominate his own son or the son of a brother member as a Midshipman in the Navy. He said there were members in the last and in this Congress who have sons in the naval service, and contended there was too much nepotism generally, which ought to be put down as well where members are interested as other persons. Rejected.

Various amendments were acted upon; and during the debate, under the five minutes' rule, the Committee on Ways and Means were rather roughly handled by several gentlemen, for cutting down the estimates.

Mr. Bayly was understood to say that, by so doing, they would throw the responsibility on the succeeding administration to make up the deficiency.

Mr. Phelps, of the Committee on Ways and Means, made certain explanations, saying, that the information in relation to the appropriation at issue, for the Memphis Navy-Yard, was obtained from Commodore Smith.

Mr. Bayly condemned the calling upon Chiefs of Bureaus, instead of upon the Heads of the Departments for information, and said the gentleman should learn good manners.

Mr. Phelps replied—he should never be able to learn them from the gentleman who preceded him; that the gentleman was guilty of a slander in saying what he did.

Mr. Bayly—Do you mean to charge me with slander?

Mr. Phelps—I mean what I say, and I will defend myself, and will not be intimidated by blustering or bullying.

Mr. Fitch—Come—come—we have had enough of this.

A voice—"And I think so, too."

Mr. Phelps said he was only defending himself from an arrow hurled at him.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, called both the gentlemen to order.

Mr. Phelps concluded his remarks, and the temporary excitement subsided. Adjourned.

On the 20th, the House went into Committee on the Navy Appropriation Bill. The following amendment, offered by Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, was concurred in;

"Provided, That, hereafter, whenever a vessel in ordinary shall be so much decayed, that the expenditures required to repair and equip her shall be estimated to exceed two-thirds of her original cost, it shall not be lawful to repair such vessel; but she shall be sold, and the proceeds applied to the construction of a new vessel in her stead; and the Secretary of the Navy shall cause to be built a vessel of war, whose frame shall be of white oak, and of the best and most approved model for sailing, to be fitted with auxiliary steam-power, and to be armed exclusively with the heaviest and most destructive ordnance which, according to recent improvements, it is possible to carry with safety, and serve with efficiency at sea."

The Bill was then passed. Adjourned.

On the 21st, the House took up the bill making appropriations for the Post-Office Department service, and the subject of duties on rail-road iron was discussed. The Bill then was passed. Adjourned.

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

GEORGIA.—Two Whig Conventions were recently held at Macon. As they could not agree, one nominated an electoral ticket for Webster for President, and Jenkins for Vice President, and the other an electoral ticket for Scott and Graham.

THE PRESIDENTIAL "RUMPUS."—Editors of newspapers are beginning to take a mighty interest in the welfare of all foreigners—Irishmen especially. The Germans are getting tolerably well coaxed down, and smaller classes will, in their turn, as the case grows more desperate, come in for their share of political toadyism. The following is about the present position of affairs:—

Howe.—"Depend upon it, Patrick, we're the rale genuine Democrats. What'll you take, honey?"

James Gordon.—"Arrah! don't be botherin' the gintlemen. Sure he knows its we're the rale original Dimocrats. Shall it be whiskey darlint?"—*Lantern.*

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Webster men of Massachusetts are taking measures to form an electoral ticket.

A new paper, called the Daily Chronicle, has been started in Boston, "devoted to an open and unshrinking advocacy of the repeal of the Massachusetts Liquor Law."

SENATOR BORLAND.—Solon Borland, Senator from Arkansas, has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Washington, for an assault, committed some time since, upon Mr. Kennedy, of the Census Office. Glad to hear it.

IOWA.—We believe it is now settled that the Whigs have carried the First District by a large majority; and that the Democrats have carried the Second (Henn's), the Legislature and State ticket.

HENRY CLAY'S SON THOMAS.—This gentleman denies the report that he had told his father he would not vote for Scott and Graham. He says—"If alive, I will."

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Whigs have gained in the Legislature, but it is doubtful whether sufficiently to have a majority on joint ballot.

SENATOR HALE.—The Boston Commonwealth says:—"Our nominee, Senator Hale, passed through this city, Saturday, in fine spirits en route for Washington. *He* will 'stand the fire.'" The New York Tribune denominates the nomination of Hale, a trick of the wire-pullers, to prevent Scott from getting Ohio.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A large Democratic meeting was recently held at Hillsborough, and was addressed by Senator Clemens, Mr. Dix, Gov. Seymour, John Van Buren, &c. Gen. Pierce remained at home, but shook hands with a number of those who passed through Concord, on their way to the meeting.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Whigs had a State Mass Meeting at Harrisburg, on the 20th.—Judge Conrad, of this city, Campbell and Johnson, of Ohio; Sevier, of Louisiana; Coombs, of Kentucky, &c., addressed the meeting.—Conrad is said to have taken "the rag off the bush." He is a very eloquent speaker.

MARYLAND.—The Whig Convention of the Third District, passed resolutions strongly endorsing Gen. Scott.

A NEW FISH BUSINESS.—During the past winter, the controversy respecting the resuscitation of frozen fish was effectually settled through our columns; a new fact to many was also brought to light, namely, the supplying of ponds with new kinds of fish brought from distant waters in a frozen state. We have also noticed in the Scientific American the mode of cultivating carp in the marshy ponds of France; but perhaps the most extraordinary discovery of the present day, in the fish line, is that by which they can be produced to an incalculable extent, in streamlets, rivers, ponds, and lakes, by artificial means. This process, within the last three years has been employed on a grand scale, with considerable success, in various parts of France. Two fishermen in the Department of Vosges, having noticed that the fine trout in the streams were fast declining in numbers, made it their business to investigate the cause. They discovered that not one egg in a hundred deposited in the beds of the rivers came to maturity, the rest being washed away or devoured by other fish. It struck them that if they were to collect the eggs and protect them from large fish, they would in a few years obtain a plentiful supply. They accordingly, in imitation of fish, placed the eggs on a bed of gravel, put them into a box filled with holes, and sunk it into the bed of a river. In due time they had an abundance of small trout, which they kept in clean water, out of danger, and supplied with fitting food.—Applying this process for a few years, they have stocked a great number of the streams and rivers of France with millions of fine trout. This is a subject which should arrest the attention of people in our country.

A NEGRO SHOT.—We find the following in the Richmond Republican:

"A gentleman named Ball, overseer for Edward T. Tayloe, finding it necessary to chastise a field-hand for insolence or idleness, attempted to do so in the field, when the negro resisted, made fight, and being the strongest of the two, gave the overseer a very severe beating and then betook himself to the woods. Mr. Ball, as soon as he could do so, mounted his horse, and proceeding to Mr. Tayloe's residence, informed him of what had occurred. Mr. T. in company with Ball repaired to the cornfield, to which the negro had returned, and demanded to know the cause of his conduct. The negro replied that Mr. Ball had attempted to whip him, but that he would not submit to it. Mr. T. told him he should, and ordering him to cross his hands, directed Mr. Ball to take hold of him. Mr. B. did so, but perceiving that the negro had drawn a knife, told Mr. Tayloe of it, who immediately sprang from his horse, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, shot the negro dead at his feet."

Upon this the Richmond Republican comments as follows:—"Mr. T. did just what every man who has the management of negroes should do—enforce obedience or kill them. We are as much opposed as man can be to cruelty to negroes, but we would rather see every one in the State shot down, than to permit them to rule their masters. Mr. Tayloe is said to be a humane and indulgent owner, but he is not to be run over rough-shod."

BARNUM AND TOM THUMB.—Barnum's chief sources of income out of Connecticut, are his Museum, said to be very profitable, and his famous menagerie, now in Michigan. Sixty thousand dollars were the profits of the menagerie the last year, and among its incidental expenses are $200 a week, or $10,400 a year for Tom Thumb. Barnum made Tom Thumb's fortune, and Tom contributed not a little to Barnum's. Tom is about sixteen years of age now, though passing for more, and it is his money which built for his father the largest house in Bridgeport. Tom has made all his family rich, and when at home is of course the elephant of the town, Barnum being then but a simple lion. Tom has his *bijou* of a room in his great house, with a rosewood bedstead, chairs, tables, and a tea set, &c., all made to match his own diminutive proportions. His quarters contain all the presents he received in Europe, and pistols, Bowie knives, jack-knives, &c., have been among his favorite playthings; but he is amiable, intelligent, and very much esteemed. Barnum took him as an experiment about ten years ago. His pay at the start was $3 a week. soon it was raised to $25, then to $37. At this price Barnum took him to England, where his great success prompted Mr. B. to share the receipts with him. Now, for showing himself merely, he earns an income equal to the official salaries of Daniel Webster and John J. Crittenden combined.

THE JENNINGS' ESTATE.—The following remarks in relation to the great Jennings' estate, (spelt, however, Jennens,) are taken from a late English paper:

"The heirs to the great Jennens property have not yet established their claims. William Jennens, of Acton-Place, Suffolk, who left vast wealth, is stated to have been the richest subject of his time. He was born in 1702, and died at the age of 96, in 1798. His father, Robt. Jennens, an eminent iron-master of Birmingham. Wm. Jennens aide-de-camp to John, Duke of Marlborough, was son of Humphrey Jennens, whose life was a long course of miserly accumulation, had property in almost every fund, and always kept a balance of £50,000 in his banker's hands, although he did not during the last fourteen years of his life draw a single draft. A will was found in his coat pocket, sealed but not signed, which was owing, as his favorite servant stated, to his master leaving his spectacles at home when he went to his solicitor for the purpose of executing it."

KILLED BY A LEECH.—We understand that a man by the name of Garnett, residing in Greene County, having attended a special election recently held in that County, started for home, which was some distance off, about dark. On coming to a branch, being very thirsty, he dismounted and drank. He had not gone far before he commenced feeling a tickling sensation in his stomach, and on his arrival at home was quite unwell. Getting worse, a physician was called in, to whom he stated that he was confident he had swallowed something while drinking from the branch which produced his sickness. After trying several remedies, a powerful emetic was administered, when a live leech was thrown up, which the unfortunate man had evidently swallowed at the branch above mentioned, it having remained alive in his stomach for several days. Although relieved from the leech, he died in a day or two afterwards from the injuries which it had inflicted.—*Charlottesville Jeffersonian.*

☞ The celebrated wine of Madeira will soon be a matter of history, a blight has entirely destroyed the vintage for this season, and was likely to destroy the vines themselves. It appeared in the shape of a thick white powder, entirely covering the clusters of grapes. The inhabitants had memorialized the Portuguese Government to be permitted to cultivate tobacco.

A NEW ENEMY TO THE POTATO.—A gentleman of Simsbury, Conn., writes to the Hartford Courant, that a new enemy to the potato has appeared in that section, in the shape of a black bug. It is in length from one-half to an inch, with a somewhat large body, but small, slim head and neck. As seen on the vine, it appears to be striped; its body is ash color.

DROUGHT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The drought is very severe in the upper parts of New Hampshire. Some thirty or forty miles above Concord, people are going into the woods and cutting down the underwood for their cattle to browse upon. The grasshoppers cover the earth, and have destroyed all signs of vegetation in the pastures and fields.

WAX SEALS.—We are requested by the Postmaster General again to caution the public against the use of *wax seals* on letters which are to be transmitted across the Isthmus, either to or from the Pacific. Wafers always should be used in letters going to or through hot countries.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The English papers notice the fishing question generally, and censure the Derby Ministry and Mr. Webster for the excitement created.

The Parliamentary elections have closed. It is thought that neither party will be able to command a sufficient majority for any decided action, and a fresh appeal to the country will soon be necessary.

The reported secret convention of the Northern powers is pronounced a fabrication in England. Its truth, however, is suspected, and believed by many.

Accounts from France, Belgium and the Rhine, are exceedingly unfavorable as regards the crops. In the South of France, the wheat crop is estimated to be one-fourth deficient, and rye is nearly one-half deficient. The same is also the case in Belgium. In consequence, wheat has risen on the Continent equal to from 4s. to 5s. per quarter, and rye has advanced 50 per cent. There has been a consequent rise in England.

Count D'Orsay is dead, as is also Johannot, the celebrated painter.

A rumor is current in England, that France is about to call a meeting of the maritime powers of Europe, to protest against the aggressions of the United States against Mexico.

The Fishery question is still discussed in the English papers. It has caused an increased pressure in the money market, though the press generally express the most amicable feeling towards the United States.

One of the most extensive fires that had occurred near London for a considerable time, happened on Sunday morning last, by which the Tottenham Oil Mills and surrounding property, to the value of several thousand pounds, were destroyed. Nearly one hundred tons of oil took fire, and as the tanks burst, the blazing liquid ran into the river and floated on the water, presenting an extraordinary appearance. About fifty families are thrown out of means of support by the fire.

It appears that only 68 out of the 86 elections for members of the French Provincial Councils are complete, one-fourth of the whole number will therefore have to take place over again in consequence of the insufficiency of votes. This apathy on the part of the electors is rather remarkable.

Louis Napoleon has ordered the Duc d'Enghein's monument, in the Chapel of Vincennes, to be defaced! Magnanimous man!

Some time since it was stated that Georgey had been sent to the fortress of Kufstein, but no particulars had been given. We now learn that the publication of his book on the Hungarian war gave offence to the Austrian Government, by whom he was ordered to leave Klagenfurt and to take up his residence in Kufstein, where he will be placed under police surveillance.

A soldier, named Nicolas Sieavogt, swam across the Lake of Constance in three hours and forty minutes, thus eclipsing the famous feat of swimming the Hellespont.

DRAMATISED.—The popular novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is being dramatised, it is said, by an experienced writer of Boston. It has also been dramatized at St. Louis.

Local News.

MELANCHOLY CASE.—On Monday morning of last week, about seven o'clock, a young man, named John S. Davis, who had been boarding at the hotel of Mr. English, at the West Jersey Ferry Company's Wharf Camden, was found dead in his room, having committed suicide. From indications he had been dead since Saturday night, as on that evening he went out and purchased two ounces of laudanum from one of the drug stores, and the bottle which had contained it was found by his side almost empty. His father resides in Camden, and the deceased had been a clerk in the office of the New York Railroad Transportation Line at Walnut Street wharf, under Mr. Freeman, and was highly esteemed. He has a wife in Baltimore, but no children. Justice Budd held an inquest on the body. A number of letters had been addressed by him to his friends, which were found on his table, and the following to the public, which gives the best explanation of the causes which led him to the commission of the rash and dreadful deed. The body was given into the care of Mr. Roberts, Undertaker, who buried it in a proper and becoming manner:

"It will be charged upon me by paragraph-mongers, 'that mental aberration,' caused by 'pecuniary difficulties,' has led me to the act whose consequences are now visible. 'Love,' 'domestic affliction,' or any but the true cause will be assigned. To refute all such charges, and to set at rest forever all speculations on the subject, I write these lines.

"I have passed my life in the search after happiness. Like other men I have tried and exhausted all the springs of action. Ambition, friendship, love, have all moved me in their turn, but yet they have not brought happiness.

"Mine has, indeed, been a 'battle of life.' And as I have kept my post upon its field, I have beheld all that makes life happy pass forever away. Projects of fame have failed, friends have fallen from my side, the love of my youth has turned to gall in my breast, the wife of my bosom has deserted and denied me, wealth has slipped from my grasp—all has proved but a dreary blank. And now, at the end of the strife, I stand alone upon the plain, my dead hopes strewn around in mockery, and nothing in the future but despair and death.

"Why it has been thus with me, why I have never enjoyed the happiness that other men have revelled in around me, I stop not now to inquire. Suffice it that I have not. As many another, many a better, many a wiser man has found it less terrible to meet death than to brave the scorning finger of the world and to endure the gnawings of his own bitter thoughts, so I; and from a life of care and trouble, and more sorrow than my proud nature can bear, I turn to the quiet and silence of death. And what comes after? Eternity!—dark, blank, mysterious and unfathomed eternity! In a single hour I shall have solved its mystery.

"I have worked out my destiny. My first plunge into the calm, bright lake of existence has been succeeded by wave after wave of circling life, each wider and more distant from the centre than his fellow—till, at last, all is merged in the glassy ocean of undisturbed nonentity.

"I could have wished to die upon the field, or with a deck beneath my feet—the smoke and flame of battle around me and victory's flag waving over my head, but it is denied me. *Here* ends my career on earth.

"To my employer, who has been my firmest, best, most steadfast friend, I return my heartfelt thanks for kindness received. A wild, turbulent and passionate nature has been greatly subdued by his countenance and advice; and if I have not profited by the latter, I have certainly felt truly proud and grateful for the former. To those of my business connections who have borne with the frailties of my nature and sorrowed at the imperfections of my mental culture, I beg to tender my thanks and good wishes. To those who will be wronged by my voluntary exit from the stage of life, I have only to say that I have *endeavored* to act honorably and justly with them all—to wrong no man—to do entirely unto others that which I would have others do unto me. I have set before me the words of the poet:—

> " 'Thou jewel, Reputation!
> Let me secure thee, bright and spotless now,
> And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution
> Will cheaply pay the purchase.'

"I have labored for a name white as mountain snow, dazzling and speckless; but the failure of the hopes I had built upon, has come upon me too crushingly to be survived. If I could have lived, I should have redeemed my honor as it now stands pledged to them; as it is, they must only pity and forgive, while they condemn me.

"I have but one relative to whom my death will cause a pang—my father. He knows me well enough to feel that weighty reasons must have determined me to commit this act; perhaps, too, he can surmise them. Let this reflection console him for the loss of his only son; it is better to die thus, than to live a dependent, shackled slave, to the caprices of those who neither understand nor care for me, or to live among those whose protestations of regard are as hollow as their own minds.

> " 'Once your account with gentle Heaven's made up,
> To crouch beneath calamity's to play
> The slave to fortune, whose control
> The noble still contemns. Then, what's a spasm,
> A shoot of pain, a minute's lack of breath!'

"My father has always been very dear to me—and although the accidents of fortune have prevented my demonstrating, by acts, my affection, I have always revered his image, and cherished in my soul the recollections of boyhood's happier days, when no one stood between the sun of his love and me. But that is now all past. May he be very happy."

BOLD ATTEMPT TO ROB AND MURDER.—Mr. Thomas Barnsley, a farmer living at Moreland, Montgomery county, was, on Tuesday evening week about nine o'clock, accosted when at the Nine Mile-Stone of the Kensington and Oxford Turnpike, by a man who presented a pistol at the same moment that he demanded him to "stop and give up." Finding from the manner of Mr. Barnsley that he was about to meet with resistance, the highwayman fired his pistol, but fortunately with no other effect than starting the horses, and causing them to dash off at a rapid rate, which quickly separated their owner from his desperate assailant. A suspicious-looking individual, apparently a foreigner, was noticed by several persons in that neighborhood just before nightfall, and he is supposed to have been the person who made the attempt to take the life of Mr. B., as stated. Such an act on a very public road, so early in the evening, should put farmers and others on their guard, and induce them to be prepared for such rascals.

THE RAILROAD DIFFICULTY.—The Columbia Railroad arrangement, made by the Canal Commissioners with Messrs. Bingham & Dock, went into effect last week. The passengers by the Pennsylvania Railroad Westward, took the Company's cars at the Depot in Market street near Eleventh, and proceeded out to West Philadelphia, where the State officers refused to attach the Company's cars to the locomotive, and in consequence, the passengers, mails, baggage, &c., were transferred to the cars of Bingham & Dock, and proceeded on their way. Legal proceedings have been commenced by the Railroad Company against the Commissioners.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was [illegible]—Adults [illegible], and children 144.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 23 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	107½	108	Southwark	77	—
" '62	114½	—	Kensington	61½	—
" '67	116½	—	P Township	30½	31
" '68	116½	—	Girard	13½	13½
" 5s '53	101	102	Western	65	—
" '65	107	107½	Man & Mechs	29½	30
July Interest off			Bk of Com	56	—
Phila 6s	104	105	Camden N J	59	60
" 5s	91	—	Germantown	54	—
" " Gas	103	104	Trent Bk Co	32	—
County 5s	99	—	Pitts'bg Bk	55	—
Penna 5s	102	102½	M & M Pitts	50½	—
" 5s	96½	97	Exchange, Pitts	53	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	10	—
Tennessee 5s	92	93½	Louis, Ky	113	114
Illinois 6s	60	—	Kentucky Bk	110	—
Cincinnati 6s	103	—	Northern	106	—
Tenn T Notes	50	60	Union, Tenn	58	60
" bds 5s	90	—	Planters, Tenn	94	95
Schuyl N 6s	75½	76	Vicksburg	17½	18
" 1st	83½	83½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	94½	95	N O Gas Bk	113	113½
" 1st loan	93	93½	Schuyl Nav	13½	13½
" Mort 6s	99	100	Lehigh Nav	53	54
C & D C'l 6s	105½	106½	C & Del Cal	105½	[illegible]
C & Am R bds	101½	102	Morris Cl	18½	18½
Bea Mdw R 6s	81	81½	Penna&Ohio Cl	21	21½
Susquh Cl 6s	76½	77	Union Cl	13½	13½
Morris Cl R 6s	98	100	Camd& Am R	[illegible]	—
Harris R 6s	93	94	Penna R	45½	46
W'd R 6s	95½	95½	Bea Mdw R	38	39
Read R 6s	85	86	Lykens Val R	15	—
" Mort 6s	93½	94	North Am Cl	11½	12
U S Bk Notes	8	—	Susqueh Cl	12½	13½
U S bk Shares	4½	4½	Norristown R	[illegible]	—
N Amer Bk	149	150	Harrisburg R	60	60½
Penna Bk	115½	116	Wilmington R	33	33½
Philadelphia	140	—	Reading R	46½	47
Far & Mec	71½	72	Minehill R	78	—
Commercial	[illegible]	—	N Liberty Gas	25	25
N Liberty	49	50	N W Min Co	—	—
Mechanics	29	29½			

ENTERPRISE [illegible].—During a recent visit in Anne Arundel county, Md., the editor of the Marlboro' Advocate passed through a field of harvested wheat, and noticed that each shock was protected from the rain by a cap or covering of water-proof canvass.

GENERAL COTTON-PLANTERS' CONVENTION.—A Convention of Cotton Planters and Southern Merchants is to be held at Macon, Georgia, in October next, during the holding of the State Fair at that place.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

We know of no medicine now before the public that offers such inducements to the afflicted as the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS, for curing Epilepsy or Fits or Falling Sickness. Mr. Seth S. Hance, the proprietor, has put them in such a compact form that they can be transported through the mail, and any person sending him a remittance, he will forward them accordingly, postage paid. These Pills not only cure Fits, but are of especial benefit to all persons of a nervous temperament or of weak nerves—particularly females. Price $3 per box, or two boxes for $5.—Send your orders to me, *post-paid*, and I will forward them free of postage, to any part of the world with which the United States has postal arrangements.—SETH S. HANCE, No. 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

PILES.—This distressing complaint proceeds from a want of proper evacuation of the bowels. The foul humors, instead of being thoroughly expelled from the body, are but partially so; a portion being left as it were at the threshold, is the cause of that vexatious complaint called Piles; and is frequently neglected until it ripens into a more horrid form of disease called Fistula.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, of the "North American College of Health," are a true and natural remedy for the above complaint, because they effectually cleanse the body from those morbid humors which are not only the cause of Piles, but of every malady incident to man.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Aug. 21, 1852.

REMARKS—Business continues exceedingly quiet, but the Southern and Western merchants are beginning to arrive preparatory to making their Fall purchases, and more activity is anticipated this week. Cotton is held firmly, and the stock on sale is quite small. Breadstuffs are held with more firmness in consequence of the favorable tenor of the Canada's advices, and for Flour, Wheat and Corn a slight improvement has been realized. There has also been rather more inquiry for Flour both for shipment and home consumption. Coal is arriving freely, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh regions, but free shipments are making to the Eastward, and the stock is not accumulating. Sugar has been rather more inquired after, but Coffee and Molasses are in limited request. In Provisions the transactions have been on a very restricted scale, partly owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Rice is scarce, and has advanced. In Seeds there is but little doing. Tobacco is in good demand, and prices are well maintained. Wool is held firmly, and the receipts from the West continue large. There is no new feature to present in the Money market. Capital is abundant, and the amount of paper offering for discount is quite moderate. The recent arrivals of Gold Dust have imparted more firmness to Stocks, and prices of most descriptions have an upward tendency. Exchange on England is steady at 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been more firmness in the Flour market since the receipt of the Canada's advices, and rather more inquiry both for shipment and retailing. Sales of 8,000 bbls for export at $4,06a4,12½ for mixed and fair brands; $4,18¾a4,25 for good brands, closing at the latter rate to-day, including some old stock at $4; extra at $4,37½a4,75, and half bbls at $4,50 per pair. The sales to the dealers and bakers have been to a fair extent within the range of $4,12½a4,75 for common and fair brands. Rye Flour is scarce. Small sales at $3,75 per barrel. The stock of Corn Meal is quite small. Sales of 300 bbls at $3.37½, which is an advance.

The following are the inspections of Flour for the week ending the 20th inst:

Wheat Flour	bbls	13,736
Rye Flour	bbls	45
Corn Meal	bbls	459

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat during the past week have been small. There has been a good demand, and prices have slightly improved; sales of 26,000 bushels at 90a92c for fair and prime new Southern red, and 97ca$1 per bushel for old Pennsylvania, including some inferior lots at lower rates, some new white at 94a96c, and some old white on terms kept private. Rye is in limited request; 2,000 bushels Southern sold at 69a70c. Corn is scarce and in demand; 12,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, sold at 70a71c, afloat, closing at the latter quotation. Oats are in good demand, and 4a7,000 bushels new Southern sold at 37½a39c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork is held firmly; sales of 1a200 bbls Mess Pork at $20a20,50, and Prime at $18 per bbl. City packed Mess Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores at $18a19. Bacon—Prices are steady; sales of Hams at 10a13c, Sides 10¼a10½c, and Shoulders at 9a9½c per lb, cash and 4 mos. Lard—The stock is materially reduced. Sales at 100 tcs at 11¼a11½c per lb, 4 mos; 300 bbls at 11½c, and kegs at 13½ cts. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is rather more activity in the market, but prices have undergone no material change. The stock of Cotton and Woollen Goods are quite moderate, and of Prints they are small.

BARK—Is scarce and supplies come in slowly.—Small sales of No 1 Quercitron at $25 per ton. In Tanners' Bark no sales reported.

BEESWAX—Is scarce. Sales of good Yellow in lots at 26a26½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices are steady. Sales of Sperm at 38a40c, and Adamantine at 19a20c per lb.

COAL continues to meet a good demand for the supply of Eastern markets, and most dealers now demand an advance of 12½c per ton, in consequence of the advanced rates of toll. Allegheny Bituminous Coal is dull. A sale of 17c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, and the sales are confined to 5a600 bags at 9¼a9¾c per lb on time for Rio, and 9½ cts for Jamaica. A cargo of 4,000 bags Rio has arrived, and remain unsold.

COPPER—Has further advanced. American Yellow Metal is now held at 21c, and English Sheathing at 24½a25c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There was a moderate inquiry for Cotton early in the week, but since the receipt of the steamer's advices, noting a slight decline in Liverpool, the demand has fallen off. The stock is much reduced, and prices are steadily maintained. The sales of 800 bales at 10a12c per lb for Upland, and 10½a13c, on time, for New Orleans, including samples at 10½a10¾c.

The following shows the movements of Cotton at all the ports since 1st Sept. last, compared with the corresponding period last year:

	1852.	1851.
Receipts at the ports,	3,006,220	2,319,846
Exports to Northern ports,	939,073	683,354
Total Exports	2,436,753	1,957,489
Stock on hand	74,863	113,014

DRUGS AND DYES—There is but a small business doing, and no material change to notice in prices. Sales of Soda Ash at 2½c per lb, and Flour of Sulphur at 3a3½ cts.

FEATHERS—But few offering. Sales of good Western in lots at 37a39c per lb.

FISH—The supplies of Mackerel during the past week have been moderate. The demand has been limited, and the sales are mostly confined to small lots from store at $13a13,50 per bbl for new No 1, and $11 for old, $10,50 for No 2, and $6,50a6,75 for No 3.—Prices of Codfish are unchanged.

FRUIT—An import of 2,300 boxes Sicily Lemons sold afloat on terms not made public. A cargo of Oranges and Lemons is landing, most of which has been disposed of on terms kept secret. A sale of Ground Nuts at $1,12½ per bushel. Green Fruit of all descriptions is abundant, and prices rule low.

GINSENG—Crude is scarce. Sales of 8,000 lbs at something over 40c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Prices are steady. A sale of Peruvian at $47,50 per ton, cash.

HEMP—The market is very quiet, and no further sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—An import of 3,000 Laguayra has been disposed of on terms not made public.

HOPS—Are held at 30a35c per lb for Eastern and Western, but the sales are limited.

INDIGO—Is held firmly; sales of 10 ceroons Caraccas at 95a97c per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The market continues firm for Pig Metal. Sales of 300 tons in lots at $21, 6 mos. for No 1, $20 for No 2, but most of the latter descriptions; and $19 for No 3. The sales of Manufactured Iron are limited, without change in prices.

LEAD—A sale of 3,000 pigs Galena at $4,80a4,85 per 100 lbs, cash, and 1,300 pigs Spanish on terms not made public.

LEATHER—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and there is a moderate inquiry.

LUMBER—There is a fair demand for White and Yellow Pine Boards at former rates. Sales of 1,000,000 Laths at $1,75a2, which is an advance, and 25,000 RO hhd Staves at $18 per M.

There were shipped by Lehigh Canal for the week ending 14th inst.

ending 14th inst.	Feet	1,640,852
Previously		29,889,820
Total this year		31,530,672

MOLASSES—The market is exceedingly dull, and the sales have been unimportant.

NAVAL STORES—Prices of Rosin, Tar and Pitch are unchanged, and no sales have come under our notice. Spirits of Turpentine is scarce; sales of 100 bbls at 43a45c, cash and on time.

OILS—There is a good demand for Fish Oils from store at full rates. Lard has been more inquired after, and 3a400 bbls Winter sold at 93a95c, but principally at 95c. Linseed Oil is firmer; sales in lots at 60a62c.

PLASTER—But little doing. A small import of soft sold at $2,75 per ton.

RICE—Is scarce, and has advanced; sales of 200 casks at 5c, and small lots at 5¼c per lb, on time.

SALT—An import of 800 sacks Ashton's Fine has arrived, which was previously disposed of on terms not made public.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is more inquired after; a lot of fair quality sold at $4,75 per 64 lbs. Timothy is arriving more freely; sales of 300 bushels in lots at $2,50a3,00 per bushel. Flaxseed is dull; small sales at $1,20.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are fair, but the sales have been only in small lots. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 26a27c. Whiskey is scarce and has advanced; sales of 900 bbls only in the week at 23c, and since at 23½a24c, including 300 bbls at the latter quotation to-day; hhds sell at 23a23½c.

SUGAR—There has been a moderate inquiry during the past week, but prices remain without change. Sales of 1,400 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4¾a5¼c per lb, and 1,000 bags white Brazil on terms not made public.

TALLOW—Is scarce, and sells only in small lots at our last quotations.

TEAS—There is rather more inquiry for Black Teas, but prices remain without change.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, and the stock of the latter is materially reduced.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL—There has been a moderate inquiry, and prices are fair. The supplies are beginning to fall off. Sales of 100,000 lbs from 36 to 50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—Foreign Freights are exceedingly dull, and the rates merely nominal. Some Cotton was engaged for Liverpool at 3 16d per lb. Colliers meet with despatch at $1,40 per ton to Boston; $1,35 to Rhode Island, and 90c per lb to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,400 head. Beeves are selling from $7 50 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 700 head in market, and sold from $8,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $12 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 00 to 4,00; the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 21.

ASHES—Sales of 75 bbls at $4,75 for Pots, and $5,56½ for Pearls.

COTTON—The market is quiet, with sales of only 800 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—The market for Flour continues very firm, with an upward tendency; sales of 8,500 barrels at $4,25a4,37½ for State, mostly at the inside price, $4,18¾a4,37½ for Michigan and Indiana, and $4,25a4,37 for Ohio. Canadian Flour is quiet. A fair demand for Southern Flour, with sales of 1,500 bbls at $4,44a4,62½. Rye Flour and Corn Meal unchanged.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat continues good, and prices are still tending upward. Sales of 40,000 bushels Ohio at $1a1,05 for red and mixed, and $1,08 for white. 20,000 do Michigan at $1,05, in store. 4,500 do white Southern at about $1,08, and 2,500 do Upper Lake at 70c. Corn in moderate demand, with sales of 34,000 bushels at [illegible] for Western mixed, and 67a68c for unsound do. Oats are dull at 43a45c.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is steady, with sales of 300 bbls at $19,87, and $17,75 for Mess and Prime. Beef unchanged, and 200 bbls sold. Cut Meats quiet. Lard steady; sales of 150 bbls at 11¼a11½.

WHISKEY—A good demand, with sales of 600 bbls at 24 for Ohio, and 24a24½c for Prison.

ALMANAC.

Aug. 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
28 Saturday,	5 27	6 33	1 29	
29 Sunday,	5 28	6 32	2 9	
30 Monday,	5 29	6 31	2 49	
31 Tuesday,	5 31	6 29	3 29	D. H. M.
1 Wedn'day,	5 32	6 28	4 11	Last 7 9 6
2 Thursday,	5 33	6 27	4 58	New 15 8 38
3 Friday,	5 35	6 25	5 53	First 22 12 52
4 Saturday,	5 36	6 24	6 15	Full 29 9 46

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug. 15	72	81	83
16	70	78	79
17	69	76	78
18	67	73	80
19	71	80	84
20	74	81	83
21	72	73	74

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ALLANSON J. CURTIS, of Lynn, Mass. to Miss CATHARINE HOPSON of this city.

At the house of Elizabeth David, near Newark, Del. on 1st day, 4th mo. [illegible] by Eld. Thos. Barton, SEYMOUR PRESTON, of Lancaster county, Penna. to ANNA E. daughter of the late Joseph David, of New Castle co. Del.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL A. ROSS, to Mrs. EMMA PASEMORE, daughter of Geo. Daniels, Esq. of San Francisco.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. E. [illegible] Mr GEO. MURRAY, of Havana, Cuba, to Mrs. ELLEN KAVENAUGH, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. JOSEPH H. PALMER, to Miss MARIA DEITZ, all of Southwark.

On the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. GEORGE T. GILLASPY, to Miss SARAH W. FINNEY, of Modestown, Virginia.

On the 9th of Feb. last, by the Rev. John Miller, of the Vine Street Presbyterian Church, Mr. SAMUEL BROWN, to Miss HANNAH BUCK, both of Gloucester, N. J.

On the 29th July last, by the Rev. John A. M'Kean, Mr. THOMAS H. BACON, to Miss MARY E. HENDALL, both of Southwark.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr JOHN HUME, to Miss RACHEL ALLEN, all of Kensington.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. GEORGE M. KEATS, of Alabama, to Miss MARY A. MCBRIDE, of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. JOHN G. MULLEN, to Miss CATHARINE [illegible].

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Paulin, Pastor of the Twelfth Baptist Church, Kensington, Mr. WASHINGTON W. HOLLAND, of York county, Pa. to Miss MARIA D. HARRIS, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th, inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. SILAS F. HEPBURN, to Miss LOUISA HAZZARD, both of Southwark.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. JAMES MCDERMOT, to Miss MARY GILMORE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 12th instant, by Ald. George Moore, LEWIS [illegible], of Norristown, Pa. to Miss SARAH W. BARNHOLT, of Moyamensing.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. O. Halsey, of Churchville, Bucks county, Mr. J. FRANK BUSCH to Miss SALLIE W. daughter of Abraham Marshall, both of Philadelphia.

In Manayunk, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. DAVID AYRES, to Miss JEMIMA MARTIN, both of Manayunk.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Friday, August 6th, 1852, near Germantown, Ky of cholera infantum, ELIZA ANNE, daughter of John W. and Elizabeth Taylor, aged 2 years, 3 months and 12 days.

On the morning of the 22d inst. HENRY WEBB, infant son of J. Wilmot and Anne C. Palmer, aged 10 months and 21 days.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Mr. John Horn, aged 36 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE F. B. SMITH, aged 20 years.

On the 14th inst. MARY, wife of Alex. [illegible], aged 27 years.

On the 14th inst. MICHAEL QUINN, aged 29 years.

On the 15th inst. CHALMERS LOGAN, aged 25.

On the 14th inst. MARY M. EGAN, aged 21 years and 4 months.

On the 14th inst. MARTHA W. wife of Wm. Cowperthwait.

On the 14th inst. EDWARD, son of Christian and Catharine Wagner, aged 11 years and 3 months.

On the 15th inst. MARY ANN, wife of Edw. Hardt, aged 24 years.

On the 16th inst. AMANDA MELVINA, wife of Philip Mowrey, aged 29 years.

On the 16th inst. JULIA, wife of Cornelius Donovan.

On the 16th inst. CHARLES RICE, aged 6 months.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ANN, wife of John B. Harris, aged 33 years.

On the 16th inst. CHARLES E. THOMAS, aged 30.

On the 18th inst. ROBERT MCMULLEN, son of John and Elizabeth Weldon, aged 15 months.

On the 18th inst. ELIZA MILNER, daughter of James and Mary A. Jackson, aged 8 months.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. ELLEN HOLT aged 37 years.

On the 18th inst. Miss SOPHIA, daughter of David and Sophia Roberts, aged 20 years.

On the 19th inst. Miss ELIZA [illegible], aged 30.

On the 18th inst. WILLIAM C. LAMB, aged 22.

On the 18th inst. ELIZABETH MAGILTAN, daughter of Jos. and Margaret Kennedy, aged 11 months.

On the 14th inst. JAMES TATE, aged 72 years.

On the 13th inst. ELIZABETH BONSALL, aged 87.

On the 15th inst. THOMAS MCLAUGHLIN, aged 90.

On the 14th inst. DAVID FIELD, aged 63 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. MARY P. WHITE, aged 46.

On the 17th inst. Mr. JOHN SALTER, aged 30.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. ELEANOR FLETCHER, aged 39 years.

On the 19th inst. THOMAS P. TWADDELL, aged 26.

On the 18th inst. ELIZA, wife of Jos. E. Atkins, aged 23 years.

On the 18th inst. ELLEN MARIA, daughter of Saml. and Jane Rogers.

On the 18th inst. CATHARINE HAYS, aged 15 mos.

On the 16th inst. SAMUEL, son of Samuel and Matilda Stevens, aged 18 months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 36 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, August 28, 1852.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	par
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	½a1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
State bk New Bruns	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris county	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
Perth Amboy	failed
Peoples, Paterson	failed
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brun.,	½ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	¼ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	failed
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	½ dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ¼ dis
Solv. country bks	½ dis
Lenox bank	30 dis
[illegible]	75 dis

MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton under notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix bk, Westerly under notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	3 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Valley & branches	½ dis
Far bk & branches	½ dis
Valley bk & branch	½ dis
Ex bk & branches	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Bank St. Mary's	10 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	75 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	3 dis
Small notes	4 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Gov'l. Stock	2 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
All banks	uncertain

CAUTION.—There are issues of $1, $2, $3 bills of various Banks, dated Washington, D. C., which resemble New York City and State notes, in circulation, which the public ought to hesitate about receiving.

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One square (sixteen lines) one insertion,	[illegible]
" " " three months,	[illegible]
" " " six months,	[illegible]
" " " a year,	[illegible]

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New York, Aug. 28th, 1852.

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ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
aug28-3m 181 William street, New York.

SPLENDID FASHION PLATE.—We have had a peep at MAHAN'S FASHION PLATE, for the coming Fall, and in perfect sincerity we say that it excels anything ever attempted, in artistic excellence and beauty. Among the figures we notice splendid representations of the two candidates of the great parties for the Presidency. The likeness of General Pierce has been capitally transferred to stone, from a Daguerreotype taken especially for Mahan, by Professor Kimball, of Concord. The engraving of General Scott, from one of Brady's superior New York Daguerreotypes, is equally beautiful and correct. Mahan displays more tact, energy and skill in getting up his works than any other publisher, and it is gratifying to know that among tailors his efforts are always considered the best. His office is at 211 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.—*Mercantile Herald, Aug. 21st, 1852.* 1t

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"Ready to Start."
"The Merry Thought." Three figures.
"The Creation," in seven tableaux.
"How the Money is Earned and How the Money is Spent."

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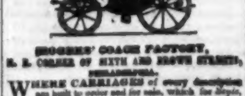

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With much respect, I remain your's, &c.

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The great advantage they possess over other preparations now urged for similar diseases is, they do not contain one particle of calomel, or any other mercurial preparation.

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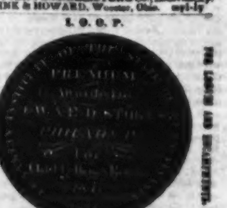

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Selected Poetry.

THE DECK OF THE OUTWARD BOUND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

How seldom we dream of the [illegible]
Far down from the [illegible];
How little we think of the wind and wave,
When all we love are on land.
The [illegible]
And [illegible] the land we [illegible],
Though the [illegible] may [illegible] in the [illegible],
And the [illegible] of our [illegible];
But the [illegible] tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a [illegible] sail,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

How [illegible] then we look on the night,
[illegible]
As the wind gets up and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky.
How we listen and gaze, with a silent lip,
And judge by the howling [illegible],
How the [illegible] will [illegible] the ship,
And [illegible] the mighty sea.
Ah, sadly then do we meet the day,
When the signs of storms are found,
And pray for the loved one far away,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished, when hand in hand,
We roved o'er the lowland and lea,
And I thought my love for that one, on the land,
Was earnest as love could be;
But now he hath gone out on the tide,
I find that I worship the more;
And I think of the waters deep and wide,
As I look on the flowers on shore.
I have listened the wind, I have watched the stars,
And shrunk from the tempest sound;
For my heart-strings are wreathed with slender spars,
That carry an "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyr forgot to sweep,
And the sky was without a frown,
But I start up from that fearful sleep,
With the dream of a ship going down.
I have sat in the field when the corn was in sheaf
And the reaper's hook was bright;
But [illegible]
In the dead of a moonless night.
Oh, I never will measure affection again,
While treading earth's flowery round,
But wait till the loved one is far on the main,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

Selected Articles.

THE MORMONS.

[From Lieut. Gunnison's "History of the Mormons," we take the following extracts. Lieut. Gunnison was attached to the United States Exploring Expedition to the Great Salt Lake, was kindly received by the Mormons, and spent over a year among them. He writes about them in a very moderate and friendly manner—his design evidently being to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth:"—]

POLYGAMY.—It has been constantly denied that it is a doctrine of theirs to have "*spiritual wives*."

An intelligent lady informed me that she had considered it right, when asked by her friends, while on an Eastern visit, to say that "it is no doctrine of ours to have spiritual wives;" and this, although the interrogators may have had in their minds nothing more than plurality and its supposed abuses.

That many have a large number of wives in Deseret, is perfectly manifest to any one residing long among them, and, indeed, the subject begins to be more openly discussed than formerly, and it is announced that a treatise is in preparation, to prove by the Scriptures the right of plurality by all Christians, if not to declare their own practice of the same.

The revelation of Joseph (Smith) on the subject of polygamy has probably never been printed, or publicly circulated. When he declared to the council the revelation, it was made known that he, like the saints of old, David, Solomon, and Jacob, and those he thought faithful, should be privileged to have as many wives as they could manage to take care of, to raise up a holy household for the service of the Lord. Immediately rumors were spread that the wives of many of the people were *re-married* to the leaders and high-priests, and subject to them, which they declared to be a slander; and maintain that the relation existing among them is a pure and holy one, and that their doctrine is: that every man shall have one wife, and every woman *only* one husband, as is laid down in the Book of Covenants by revelation.

Yet they affirm that this allows to the man a plurality, as the phrase is peculiarly worded;—the *only* applying to the female alone. They go so far as to say that our Saviour had three wives, Mary, Martha and the other Mary whom Jesus loved, all married at the wedding in Cana of Galilee.*

Again, they teach that the use and foundation of matrimony is to raise up a peculiar, holy people for the Kingdom of God the Son, that at the Millennium they may be resurrected to reign with Him, and the glory of the man will be in proportion to the size of his household children, wives, and servants,—but that those eligible to the priesthood have only a right to marry at all.† It is to be a pure and holy state; and religious motives or a sense of duty, should alone guide; and that for sensual gratifications it is an abomination.

Infidelity and licentiousness are held up for abhorrence; and when the "plurality" law shall be promulgated, they will be punished by the decapitation of the offender and the severest chastity inculcated upon one sex, and rigid continence on the other during the gestation and nursing of children. Thus the time of weaning will again become a *feast of joy*, next to the celebration of the nuptial rite, and patriarchal times return.

Quoting the Scripture that "the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man," they affirm that it is the duty of every man to marry at least once, and that a woman cannot enter into the heavenly kingdoms without a husband to introduce her as belonging to himself.

And it has been said that some women, distrusting the title of their spouses to enter at all, have been desirous to take hold of the skirt of an apostle or high-priest with superior credentials; how far correct we are not sufficiently informed to state positively, and can only speak of such rumors as existing, and beg pardon for mentioning the scandal.

The addition of wives, after the first, to a man's family, is called a "sealing to him."

This constitutes a relation with all the rights and sanctions of matrimony;—and as they claim to have the only true priesthood, which alone can bind the parties in the holy state and make them "one flesh," it follows that they have the only true marriages now existing upon earth.

Thus guarded in the motive, and denounced as sin for other consideration than divine, the practical working of the system, so far as now extended, has every appearance of decorum. The romantic notion of a single love is derided, and met by calling attention to the case of parental affection; where the father's good will is bestowed alike on each of his many children; and they pretend to see a more rational application of a generous soul in loving more than one wife, than in the bigotry of a partial adhesion. The Seer alone has the power, which he can use by delegation, of granting the privilege of increasing the number of wives: the rule of primitive ages is applied in the case, and the suitor must first have the consent of the parents, then consult the lady, and the Seer.

Every unmarried woman has a right to demand a man in marriage, if she is neglected, on the ground of the privilege of salvation; and the President who receives the petition must provide for her; and he has the authority to command any man he deems competent to support her, "to seal her" to himself in marriage; and the man so ordered must obey just because [illegible], if he [illegible], [illegible] in danger of the [illegible]."

The Seer sometimes has to exercise his judgment in preventing incongruous unions from unworthy motives, and to tell such that what they now esteem a privilege will [illegible] to be a burden.

This interference with the kingdom of Cupid calls for more judicious measures on his part, for in this world [illegible], guided by Reason, are apt to be dethroned by Passion. [illegible] Out of this matter grows an immense power, based upon his knowledge of all the domestic relations in the colony—their delicate confidences begets a reverence and fear, and while things proceed harmoniously, a love to him as their adviser and friend. And as the peace of the society depends materially on that of families, he watches over this part of the prerogative with great solicitude, and keeps the parties, as far as practicable, up to their engagements.

In some instances several wives occupy the same house and the same room, as their dwellings have generally only one apartment, but it is usual to board out the extra ones, who must frequently "pay their own way," by sewing, and other female employments. It is but fairness to add that they hold the time near at hand predicted by Isaiah, "when seven women shall take hold of the skirt of one man and say, We will eat our own bread, but let us be called by thy name;"—which gives the assurance that plurality is foretold and correctly practised by them.

It is only a little in anticipation of the time when "the battles of the Lord" are to begin, and then, as the women are far more pure than the men, the females will greatly outnumber the males, for the latter will be swept off by sword and pestilence, and the other reserved to increase the subjects of the saints; and many women will thus be compelled to choose the same man, in order to secure a temporal home and temporal salvation, as also to obtain eternal [illegible].

It is further maintained that there is great disparity of numbers between the sexes, and that the predominance of the female is more than can be accounted for from war, the dangers of the sea and other perils, and therefore nature indicates the propriety of plurality, as "marriage is honorable to all;" but the decision of this question can safely be intrusted to the relative numbers of the sexes, as exhibited in our census returns.

They also assure us that this system is the preventive and cure for the awful licentiousness—the moral and physical degradation in the world; and they make it both a religious and a social custom, a point of personal honor for a man whose wife, daughter, or sister has been led astray, to kill the seducer; and considering this as "common mountain law," based on the Mosaic code, a jury will acquit the murderer at all hazards.*

That the wives find the relation often a lonesome and burdensome one, is certain; though usually the surface of society wears a smiling countenance, and to all who consent from a sense of duty or enthusiasm the yoke is easy.

The wife of the prophet Joseph rebelled against it, and declared if he persisted she would desert for another, but the only satisfaction she received was "that a prophet must obey the Lord." When such wives rebel, the proceedings are very summary, and public opinion sustains the cause against the woman. A very exemplary lady in the valley is looked upon as having broken her vows for deserting the "Sealed one" and marrying another, and therefore is not invited into social parties.

An instance of summary proceeding came directly before us at Bear River. A Socialist emigrant from Monsieur Cabet's community at Nauvoo, passed the winter at Salt Lake City, and in the spring started on his journey to California. He had in his train a woman with a child about two years old, who had applied to him for transportation to the land of gold, and represented that the dignitary to whom she had been "sealed" had not visited or provided for her for three years; and that a young man was betrothed to her who was in California, and if she could join him they should marry according to the laws of the land. The Socialist's heart was touched, and he kindly offered her the means of proceeding, and they had come about one hundred miles when a posse overtook them, and demanded that the young woman should return to her legal or sealed husband. He consulted us whether to give up his charge—but the power precluded remonstrance, and the lady reluctantly retraced her steps.

Some other instances came under our notice, of like character, from which we must conclude that the regulation of the new "plurality" has not yet become perfect, and that the virtues claimed as pertaining to it are not in complete vigor; but we may add that the community had every appearance of good morals, so that any equal number of persons in the States can scarcely exhibit greater decorum.

ADOPTION.—Another method of increasing the household and adding to the glory of the chiefs is by "adoption." This consists in taking whole families and adopting them as part and parcel of the family of the chief, and arises out of the humility of the person so proposing to attach himself to the sacred character of some great dignitary of the church. There were pointed out to me, several who held this relationship to the Seers. The man is called, for instance, "Son of Brigham by adoption," and lives with him, or near by, and acts for him as a child does for his parent, and receives his subsistence, clothing, and living conjointly with the family.

This patriarchal stewardship method increases the authority of the presidency, and is intended to extend into the other world after the resurrection. It certainly speaks well for the kindness on the side of the patriarch, and for the belief in his holiness, and of truth in his teachings, in the estimation of those who attach themselves to the destinies of a fellow man; while, at the same time, it shows how fanaticism can overcome the strongest feeling of independence.

LUDICROUS SCENE.—Sometimes a ludicrous scene occurs in their meetings, arising from overwrought enthusiasm. One is related of a woman who sprang up and spoke "in tongues" as follows—"*Meloi, Meli, Meloi*," which was immediately translated into the vernacular by a waggish young man, who first observed that he felt "the gift of interpretation of tongues" sorely pressing upon him, and that she said in unknown words to herself, "my leg, my thigh, my knee." For this he was called before the council; but he stoutly persisted in his "interpretation" being by "the spirit," and they let him off with admonition.

A JEWISH CUSTOM.—Bishop J——— was adding an apartment to a commodious house, and, having a small family, it caused a remark or question, why he thus extended his domicil? "Ah!" was the ready reply, "did you not know that he is obliged to take his brother's widow to wife, and the proper time is nearly arrived?" We remembered the case of the wife of seven brothers; and moreover, being only an humble layman, presumed not further to interrogate the acts of a bishop of that Melchisedek priesthood.

RIVALRY AMONG THE WIVES.—The subject of widows and widowers introduces some nice questions of rank and precedence in the future patriarchal courts. A lady of superior abilities and great enthusiasm, sealed later than the first wife, whose modest talents are thereby cast into the shade, may aspire to the place of first *queen*, or so: and thus an affectionate rivalry can be raised, of which the expectant king reaps the sole benefit. The widow of several husbands must have doubts to which she shall owe her elevation, unless she fortunately loved one supremely—and the wife finds a rival in the brother's widow, from the tie of consanguinity. The troubles of the high Chieftain are said to arise from still another cause.

He had a wife dearly beloved before becoming a Mormon, who died out of his church; but she can be saved by substituted baptism, and his next partner has become exceedingly anxious to know whether her predecessor will be resurrected to be the chief of the queens, or if that important station is reserved for herself, who has partaken of so "much tribulation?" Why the question is not categorically answered we cannot opine—but, if women ever *do* tease, we may suppose such a subject likely to call out all their resources to gratify curiosity.

INTERNAL DISCORD CAUSED BY POLYGAMY.—The first disturbing element we notice is the introduction of polygamy; and yet they give, or profess to allow, all the freedom to the females that is found in any Christian nation. Their education is quite as free and liberal as to the other sex, thus far. But with all this do we find them advocating the inferiority of women in dignity of station. "Gentile gallantry and fashion" is declared to have reversed the natural relationship and social position of the sexes; and that to give the post of honor [illegible] to the lady, is absurd. [illegible] it of right belongs to the [illegible], and it is the duty and place of a man to lead the way, and let the [illegible]. The glory of a woman is [illegible] to be a "mother in Israel," or, literally, a child-bearer. The delicate sentiment of [illegible] qualities and [illegible] finds no place in the philosophy of plurality of wives, [illegible]. While [illegible] this great [illegible], they [illegible], and the [illegible] principles, one of rolling back to Adamic [illegible] civilization, the other of progressive enlightenment, must come into collision. What then is the effect of their law of plurality? The sacred bond between two persons, by which the twain are one, as declared in Holy Writ, is dissevered. In that union of the wife, the affections, and interests, lies the hope of improvement of the condition of society; and by the laws of nature and of grace, there the peace of the world and realization of the Christian's hopes are centred. The law establishing the family circle was the first promulgated in social relations. And again the sacred historian takes up the theme, and relates the fall-caused offering of his heart by Adam, and acknowledgment of equality and oneness; and then he declares that for this cause a man shall forsake all other ties, to obey the sacred promptings of a guileless nature, in conjugal fidelity to one wife—which became the law of grace, and four thousand years after was once more affirmed as the holy rule of the sexes, by the Lord of all.

And the contemplation of plurality is highly distasteful to the young ladies of any independence of feeling, however acquiesced in by the more advanced in age. The subject was placed before one in its practical light, and the reply was most decided and prompt against such an arrangement. Asked if she could consent to become Mrs. Blank, No. 20, or No. 40—or if now in youthful life she was espoused to one of her choice, and who was all the world to her; and then, though ranking No. 1, when the first blush of beauty had departed, she would be contented to have the husband call at her domicil after several weeks' absence and say, "I am really glad to see you, dearest, and how delighted it would make me to spend an hour here, but—and, by-the-way, have you seen my last bride No. 17; how sweet a girl she is—really I'm sorry to leave you so soon,"—the subject was cut short by the reply, stern and true, "No, sir, I'd die first." We are informed that many on the frontiers have deserted the "sealed relation" and married half-breeds and Pottawatomies, preferring such a life as that in the cabins of Nebraska to the sound of the other.

Young men, too, feel insecure in proposing to embark in the matrimonial vessel. They must naturally feel envious, when the young women treat them with disdain by yielding to the advice of ambitious mothers, and attach their fortunes to the hem of a president or apostle, in order to obtain a celestial queenship among the dignitaries of the world to come.

MORMON CHILDREN.—Of all the children that have come under our observation, we must, in candor, say, that those of the Mormons are the most lawless and profane. Circumstances connected with travel, with occupation in a new home, and dormitory life, may, in part, account for this: but when a people make pretensions to raising up a "holy generation" and are commanded to take wives for the purpose, we naturally look at the quality of the fruit produced by the doctrines;—and surely they would not complain of the Scripture rule, "by their fruits ye shall know them."

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* Since writing the above, their teaching on this point is given by Orson Hyde, chief of the Apostles, in the Guardian of Dec. 28th, 1851. "If in Christ Himself were fulfilled the words of Isaiah, 'He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand,' the Christian world are not mistaken in their opinion. But how were they fulfilled? If, at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, Jesus was the bridegroom and took unto Him Mary, Martha, and the other Mary whom Jesus loved, it shocks not our nerves.

"If there were not an attachment and familiarity between our Saviour and these women highly improper, only in the relation of husband and wife, then we have no sense of propriety, or of the characteristics of good and refined society. Wisely then was it concealed; but when the Saviour poured out His soul unto death, when nailed to the cross, He saw His seed of children, but who shall declare His generation? No one, if He had none to be declared. Notwithstanding this, which to many is a new and strange feature in Christianity, we are not disposed to mock at it, neither to regard salvation through the Virgin's son."

† On the 24th of July last, the orator said: "Have [illegible] the sacred rights of matrimony, like the pure love of God '[illegible] and operate unseen,' until the children of Abraham become as numerous as the stars above, or the sands below, that from the resurrection, the joint heirs of Jesus Christ may do the works that their Father did, till each in the centre of His own glory may reign in His own Heaven a God." "Let it be a sacred motto,—The woman that marries out of the priesthood, marries for hell."

* In the trial of Egan at Great Salt Lake City for killing, in cold blood, the seducer of the wife during the husband's absence, it was declared that civil damages marked the [illegible] of other governments, and that "The principle, the only one that beats and throbs through the heart of the entire inhabitants of this territory, is simply this: *The man who seduces his neighbor's wife, must die, and her nearest relative must kill him.*"

TAVERNS IN THE WEST.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The tavern, in Kentucky, is not only the resort, but the *respectable* resort, of the male inhabitants of the village, at all leisure hours. You seldom drive up to one without alighting amid a group—oftener amid a crowd—and the titles flying from mouth to mouth soon inform you that all the Judges, Generals, and Colonels, possible to the size of the population, are among the company. The stranger is received with some sort of courteous acknowledgment, a chair given him, or remarks addressed to him, and if he will take anything to drink, or requires any information or other civility, it is abundantly ready for him. But they require something in return. Who and what he is, and where he is going, and what for—if it does not all come out in his conversation—is specially asked about in the course of the evening. At Springfield, a populous little town where I passed the night, on my way to the Mammoth Cave, I tried to dodge this paying of autobiographic toll to curiosity. I had been asked whether I was "in the dry goods line," what I was "agent for," whether I carried my "business card about me," &c., &c., to all of which I replied with a courteous monosyllable, changing the subject by some immediate remark. But the landlord came up at last with the direct statement that "there were several gentlemen present who would be happy to know my name." One side of every bar-room, at the time, was covered with the enormous placard of a travelling menagerie, and the name of a Mr. Willis, as the distinguished leader of the band, was printed in enormous capitals. There was a risk of my being taken for more of a celebrity than might be comfortable. Stepping to the tavern register, therefore, in reply to the landlord's application, I wrote my name in such a way as to slur the tops of the two l's very slightly—by which management I passed the remainder of the evening in comfortable unconspicuousness, as a Mr. Wellis, and was not admiringly mistaken for the distinguished clarionet, Mr. Willis.

Our landlord at Munfordsville was quite a superior and intellectual-looking man; and when supper was ready, he waited on table with his hat on, conversing with great ease as he handed round the hot cakes, and seating himself at the head of the table when all were helped, and (still with his hat on) discussing the religious topics which chanced to come up, very intelligently.

I noticed, throughout the West, that, in all small villages, the landlord is a person who is considered to honor the guest by his company. There is nothing doubtful in his position. That, and the profession of stage-driving, are too rich in opportunity for influence—give too much access to the minds and opinions of the community—not to have been gradually promoted to the class of occupations for the "leading citizens." A Judge drove the stage in which I crossed the country from Harrodsburg, and the women came out from the farm-houses and gave him six-penny errands to do in the village, with unhesitating familiarity. The wealthy nabob of Elizabethtown was the "stage agent," who helped us into the changed coach and arranged our baggage. Mr. Bell, you know, the father of Mrs. Senator Gwinn, keeps the nearest tavern to the Mammoth Cave, and he is one of the most influential and respected of Kentucky's "first men." The traveller is obliged to learn these distinctions; and, with any lack of deference, or any demand for more than the services ordinarily performed by these gentlemen, he gets a very peremptory reminder that he has all along been the obliged person of the two.

The wives of the West may not like the habits I have alluded to—husbands and brothers passing their leisure time at the taverns. But I am not sure that promptness and manliness are not thereby cultivated. The universal fluency of tongue, and universal quickness and boldness of face-to-face action, which are marked and allowed characteristics of these people, at least get their training in this daily school. At the North we teach youth what human nature is by books—and books are but life at second hand. These frank Kentuckians learn it, by seeing and being perpetually familiar with just what they are afterwards to encounter. What they do on the stump or in the Legislature, is what they have been doing every day in the bar-room, or practising while balanced on the two legs of a chair amid the crowd seated on the tavern sidewalk. They never insult, without knowing it and being ready to answer for it, being well-practised in what is due from one gentleman to another. They are habitually courteous and deferential, from the laws and usages which are the standards in these familiar crowds. They argue adroitly from constant habit. They can control the expressions of their faces, their muscles and nerves, from the same habit. It is the old Areopagus school for men, and the result seems to show, that though the citizen of the North is wiser in *books*, at twenty, the citizen of the West is wiser in men at thirty. Do not understand me as speaking of the rowdies of the West, of whose Bowie-knives and revolvers you read so much. These are a class who are not seen by the stranger unless he seeks them in resorts for mere drinking and gambling. I refer to a higher and very different class, who still, however, are found assembled in every town at the taverns. It is interesting to see how our national character is forming, what I have here noted may be set down as one of its influencing causes.—*Home Journal.*

☞ A warm heart requires a cool head. So a ship that carries a great deal of sail needs a first rate helmsman.

City Scenes.

"Spare a copper for a poor old soldier, my noble Captain? Sure, it's yer honor's face I [illegible] in the Mexican War!"

Wit and Humor.

A GOOD JOKE OF DISTANCE.—It would be well if all passengers could keep themselves as freely aloof from excitement in a steamboat race, as a venerable Friend, of Rhode Island, (now descended, full of years and full of honors, to his grave,) did on the occasion of a race between two contending steamers, on one occasion, in Long Island Sound. The boats had been running with no visible advantage on either side, for a great distance, and groups of excited persons were on the deck, discussing [illegible], and finally appealed to the "Friend" in question:—

"Don't you think we've gained on her in coming the last forty miles?"

"Yea," replied the Quaker, with imperturbable gravity, "I should say, from present appearances, that we *had*."

"*Do* you? Well, Mr. Brown, *how much* should you think we have gained upon her?"

"I may be mistaken," replied our "Friend," "for I have small gift at correctly calculating differences of distance; but I should *think* that in the last fifty miles we have gained upon her *about an inch!*"

He was too "close" an observer to be bothered with any further questioning from the excited bystanders.

AN AMERICAN SHAKSPEARE AT LAST.—That voluminous writer, W. Gilmore Simms, seems destined to monopolize the stage. His new Tragedy of Norman Maurice is very fine. What can be more suggestive than the commencement of the First Act:—

Mrs. Jarvis (angrily).—Well?
Warren (savagely).—It is not well—'tis ill.
Mrs. Jarvis.—Ah! is it so?
Warren.—It is! She has avowed it.
Mrs. Jarvis.—She shall repent it—she shall disavow it, or she shall *know*. I'll teach her.

The mystery in this is admirably kept up; and so on for Five Acts. It is possible that this interjectional Tragedy is founded on Talleyrand's well known retort, when accused by Madame de Staël of plotting treason; the evidence of which consisted in his being *seen* to shrug up his shoulders, and *heard* to say, as he mounted the Tuilleries' steps—

"Ha! ha!"

He smashed the indictment, by proving he said—"Ho! ho!"

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—Old gentleman.—Now, Augustus, you have had all the advantages of a good education. You have been well brought up, and as I believe you to be a well-disposed boy, I should wish you to choose your own profession. Come, what would you like to be?

Augustus.—I know what I should like, but you wouldn't let me.
Old Gent.—What is it—a lawyer?
Aug.—No, it ain't a lawyer.
Old Gent.—A doctor or a surgeon?
Aug.—No.
Old Gent.—A clergyman?
Aug.—No.
Old Gent.—A soldier?
Aug.—No.
Old Gent.—What then?
Aug.—Why—a clown at the circus.

POETRY AND PROSE.—A romance-reading young man, from a large city, was one day passing a moorland farm, which was half covered with furze and heath, and had a fine background of barren rocks and dark pines. He remarked to the farmer, who was grinding his way through ragged roots and stones—

"A magnificent locality, sir!—one of nature's triumphs!—an embodiment of poetry."

"Oh, yes," said the farmer, wiping the large drops of perspiration from his brow, "the poetry of the place is weel enough; but if you had to plough up the prose o' my ground, ye would wish the poetry far enough."—*Gateshead Observer.*

A NEAT CONDUCTOR.—The "neatest" conductor we ever heard of flourishes on the railroad between Albany and Buffalo. A passenger who had his head out of the window was decapitated by a collision with a passing train, when the conductor seized the body and shoved the shoulders out of the window, exclaiming—

"Blame me, old fellow, if you shall bleed in here!"

This conductor is a model of neatness.—*Literary Museum.*

A CAPITAL HIT.—Congreve rockets were invented in 1803, by Sir William Congreve. On a certain occasion, when visiting Westminster Abbey, in company with some ladies, his attention was directed by one of the party to the inscription on the great composer, Purcell's monument—"He has gone to that place where only his music can be excelled."

"There, Sir William," said the young lady, "substitute *fireworks* for music, and that epitaph will answer for yourself."

A GENTLE HINT.—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Rochesuryon, to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word.

"Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table, that I do not know where to put my hand."

"Put it in your mouth," said the Prince.

VERY NATURAL.—An outside passenger of a coach had his hat blown over a bridge and carried away by the stream.

"Is it not very singular," said he, to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?"

"Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a *beaver* should take to the water."

ADVICE TO WIVES, NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY TO HUSBANDS.—A wife must study never to draw largely on the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, is lasting. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear, from most men, a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern men, are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow, if she do. Men frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*English Matron.*

WOLVES AND RAILROADS.—The Chicago Tribune has the following:—It is said that since the tracks of the railroads around the Lake were laid down, but one single wolf has been seen or heard of South of them, and it is thought that he had never been North since their construction. The farmers of Twenty Mile Prairie, and adjacent country, are no longer troubled about herding their sheep in pens during each night, as they were formerly. The wolf is at all times exceedingly suspicious of traps, and is not disposed to venture near iron or steel, however tempting the bait may be that lies near it; hence their fear of crossing the railroad track to commit depredations on the flocks in the farming country South. At night, too, when they leave their dens, the locomotives pass, and their hideous noise is not calculated to inspire the varmints with any remarkable degree of confidence and security from danger.

"WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?"

About the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gentlemen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time, when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made the blood run to the cheeks of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became more strict in the performance of it at one time, than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time, were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted with a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on his trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; a jury was empannelled in front; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough—it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; and, if you wish to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

The jury returned and recorded a verdict of GUILTY.

The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner.

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch upon the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of sawdust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomster.

It was now past midnight! there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For any sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare then for death; other five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man in an agony of deadly terror raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but as a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the axe on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment—they laughed again—but still he moved not, they lifted him, and Downie was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves; and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no mark of violence internal or external. The [illegible] between him and the students was known; it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the college, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families amongst the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for—and his slaughter remained a mystery; until, about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed, disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The affection of Indian parents to their children, and the deference which they pay to the aged, is a beautiful and touching trait in their character.

One extremely cold, wintry day, as I was huddling with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Papouse die," she said, mournfully, clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her dark face—"Moodie's squaw save papouse—poor Indian woman much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew, by the pinched up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him." (She held up five of her fingers.) "Brought him all the way from Mutta Lake* upon my back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with Him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, which I expected every moment would terminate his frail existence. I gave him a teaspoonful of currant jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Papouse die," murmured the poor woman; "alone—alone! No papouse; the mother all alone."

She began readjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got her some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too much distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish; she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think what this woman's love must have been for that dying son, when she had carried a lad of his age six miles, through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good. Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from Joe Muskrat's squaw some days after, that the boy died a few minutes after Elizabeth Iron, his mother, got home.—*Roughing it in the Bush. By Mrs. Moodie.*

* Mud Lake, or lake Shemong, in Indian.

WHERE LEECHES COME FROM.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Constantinople, gives the following information:

It is no more than from forty to fifty years that leeches have been in *extensive use* for the abstraction of blood from the human body, and for many years the supply from the ponds of each country, was sufficient for the wants of the population. But as the use of them increased, superseding so often the lancet and cupping, the leech traders turned their attention of procuring them from foreign countries. Twenty-five years since, all who could afford it in America, used the "French" leech in preference to the American leech, because it would draw twice or thrice as much blood. But since the loss a large portion of the leeches exported from France, have been brought thither from other countries on the Mediterranean.

Leeches for Western Europe and America are now obtained from Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis—from Hungary, (which sends one year with another 120,000 pounds of leeches annually,) from Russia, and from Persia even. A trader brought, last winter, without hardly any loss by the perishing of the leeches, fifteen hundred pounds of leeches from the latter country. They froze solid as he was passing the lofty mountains near Erzeroum, but thawed into life again. The obstacle to bringing leeches from great distances, has been, that they are so liable to perish, and needed so much care and attention on the voyage. However great the loss and the consequent rise in price, there seems no limit to the price that the sick are willing to pay for them. *Fifty* cents is often paid for a single leech in our country towns. And in Peru, in South America, leeches, (brought, perhaps, from Persia,) have been sold for from three to five dollars a piece.

The product of the leech *fisheries* in Turkey, is at present annually greater than that of any other country. One reason among others, for this result, is the want of cultivation, and the amount of undrained lands in consequence on a sparsely inhabited country, and the facilities allowed to the Europeans who follow the business and have the protection of the local authorities.

The product of the last three years has been about £180,000 annually, worth at the place of exportation, eight dollars a pound, or $1,440,000 each year. In a pound of small leeches there are from two hundred and fifty to four hundred leeches. A pound of large leeches contains half that proportion. There are probably from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 of leeches annually exported from Turky. They are sent chiefly to Trieste, Marseilles, and London, and some to America direct. The price varies greatly at these ports, according to the supply. The prices current of Marseilles as regularly include the price of leeches, as of wheat and wool.

NIEBUHR'S MEMORY.

Few things in the writings of this great historian are more apparent than the wonderful power of his memory, by which he was able to preserve a recollection of whatever he had read, and to bring forward such immense treasures of learning as are everywhere visible on his scholarly page. On this point we cite a brief anecdote from his biographer:

"His wife and his sister once playfully took up Gibbon, and asked him questions from the table of contents, about the most trivial things, by way of testing his memory. They carried on the examination till they were tired, and gave up all hope of even detecting him in a momentary uncertainty, though he was at the same time engaged in writing on some other subject. He was once conversing with a party of Austrian officers about Napoleon's Italian campaigns. Some dispute arose respecting the position of different corps in the battle of Marengo. Niebuhr described exactly how they were placed, and the progress of action. The officers contradicted him; but on maps being brought he was found to be in the right, and to know more of the details of the conflict, than the very officers who had been present. One day, when he was talking with Prof. Welcker, of Bonn, the conversation happened to turn on the weather, and Niebuhr quoted the results of barometrical observations in the different years, as far back as 1770, with perfect accuracy."

In reference to the same subject, Prof. Brandis remarks:

"A great part of the Greek and Roman poetry had imprinted itself so indelibly on his memory, that he could frequently recite hundreds of verses without stumbling, and could answer on the spot every allusion or quotation from the Latin poets in the notes and letters of the younger Valckenaer, who was most deeply read in those authors; even in his latter years he retained every poem which appealed strongly to his heart, whether it were a modern Greek or Servian ode, or a song of Goethe, Count Platen, or others. In his latest years, at least, we scarcely think that he ever learnt anything by heart; whenever a poetic thought which had vividly seized upon his mind was clothed in the form perfectly adapted to it, both the form and its inner spirit implanted themselves firmly within him without the necessity of any mechanical assistance."

POOR PAY FOR [illegible].—One evening, Madame Malibran felt rather annoyed at the general prejudice expressed by the company then present, against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favor of foreign works; some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was entirely and originally of English extraction. Malibran in vain endeavored to indicate that all countries possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many excellent melodies, peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauty of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of the best modern composers—Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, &c., declaring her belief that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the works of a Signor Vincenzo, or Count [illegible], [illegible] the names, they would create a *furore*. In the midst of this discussion, she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by Don Chocarero. She commenced—the greatest attention prevailed; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began:

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

She finished—the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justice of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to their argument if the same air sung adagio should be found equally beautiful when played presto. The parties were agreed; when, to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody, which she had so divinely sung, was, on being played quick, instantly recognized as a popular English nursery song, by no means of the highest order. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

[illegible]

means, literally, "Polly put the kettle on!"

For the Young.

CONDENSATION OR COMPRESSION.*

Q. What is meant by *compression?*

A. The act of *bringing parts nearer together;* as a sponge is *compressed* by being *squeezed in the hand.*

Q. Cannot *heat* be evolved from common air merely by *compression?*

A. Yes; if a piece of *German tinder* be placed at the *bottom of a glass tube,* and the *air in the tube compressed by a piston,* the tinder will catch fire.

In a common syringe or squirt, the *handle part* (which *contains the sucker,* and is forced up and down) is called "the Piston."

Q. Why will the tinder catch fire?

A. Because the *air is compressed;* and *its latent heat being squeezed out,* sets fire to the tinder at the bottom of the tube.

Q. When an *air-gun* is discharged in the dark, why is it accompanied with a slight *flash?*

A. Because the *air* is very rapidly *condensed,* and its latent heat developed in a *flash of light.*

N. B. If a glass lens be fixed in the copper ball, (where the *air of the gun is condensed,*) a flash of light may be distinctly discerned at the stroke of the piston.

Q. Why do *detonating* salt and powder *explode* on being rubbed or struck?

A. Because the mechanical action of rubbing or striking, produces sufficient heat to ignite the explosive materials of which they are composed.

Q. Why does the *hole* made by a shot or cannon-ball in a wall or timber, look as if it were *burnt?*

A. Because the shot or cannon-balls were so heated by the discharge, as actually to scorch the material into which they penetrated.

Q. Why are *shot* and *cannon-balls heated* by being discharged from a gun or cannon?

A. Because the air is so rapidly condensed, when the discharge is made, that sufficient latent heat is developed to make the shot or balls hot.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

* N. B. The reduction of matter into a smaller compass by an *external* or *mechanical* force is called COMPRESSION.

The reduction of matter into a smaller compass by some *internal action* (as by the escape of *caloric*) is called CONDENSATION.

A LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.—I once knew a young man (said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men) who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and, resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock his master comes in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looks very blank, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared—he was as necessary to the firm as any of the partners.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 6, 25, 31, 20, 3, 10, is a kind of plant.
My 2, 14, 4, 5, 6, 29, is food made of corn.
My 3, 17, 31, 29, 14, 4, 35, should be practised by all.
My 4, 9, 5, 6, 7, is one of the United States.
My 5, 33, 2, is a luxury in warm weather.
My 6, 12, 35, was one of Napoleon's marshals.
My 7, 4, 5, 5, is a Turkish title of dignity.
My 8, 16, 13, 19, 5, 9, is a country of Europe.
My 9, 11, 5, 18, 13, is a sign of the zodiac.
My 10, 7, 4, 60, 22, is a kind of fruit.
My 11, 5, 9, 10, is a Spanish coin.
My 12, 27, 29, 34, 25, is an emblem of our country.
My 13, 24, 34, 26, 33, is a kind of vehicle.
My 14, 15, 13, 19, 10, is a species of bird.
My 15, 28, 5, 30, 31, 11, 33, is a fabulous animal.
My 16, 14, 13, 12, is a flower.
My 17, 26, 5, 21, is a head-dress.
My 18, 22, 6, is an organ of sense.
My 19, 9, 30, 35, is an herb.
My 20, 17, 20, 31, 16, is a neuter verb.
My 21, 23, 5, 6, 13, 1, 30, 20, 22, is a small village in Maryland.
My whole constitutes a great part of the wealth of Western Maryland. F. I. CRAWFORD.
Flintstone, Allegheny County, Md.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 1, 2, 4, is not true.
My 2, 3, implies supposition.
My 3, 2, 3, 4, is a wind instrument of music.
My 4, 1, 2, is a Scripture name.
My 4, 1, 3, is a wandering spirit.
My 3, 2, 1, 4, is a blacksmith's tool.
My 3, 1, 1, is not well.
My 1, 4, 4, is opposite the wind.
My 4, 1, 1, is a measure.
My 3, 4, 4, is a reward.
My 3, 4, is a conjunction.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, or—
My whole is what we all desire.
Lexington, Mo. JOHN H. RICH.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's an expression of dread,
Of terror, alarm, or surprise,
Which the mind of the brave may o'erspread,
And the weak feel alike with the wise.
I shall not describe what degree
My second's inclined to appear;
For adjectives, all will agree,
Change their nature as well as the year.
My whole is undaunted and bold;
Meets danger without any dread;
Yet sometimes requires to be told
That courage by caution is led. "SOMA."
Birmingham, Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a pyramid whose base is 30 feet square, and whose altitude is 120 feet. If one-eighth part of the pyramid be removed from the top and taken parallel with the base, what will be the distance of one corner of the lower base from the opposite corner of the upper base of the frustum? A. M. K.
Shelby, Michigan.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why ought dentists to settle in a newly-cleared country? Ans.—Because they would have plenty of work to do extracting stumps.

☞ What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Ans.—War-fare.

☞ Why is a blacksmith likely to make a commotion in the alphabet? Ans.—Because he makes A poke E and A shove L.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHARADE.—SANS-SOUCI.

PROBLEM.
8 ounces of the first, 5 ounces of the second, and 3 ounces of the third.

Agricultural.

THE SUPPLY OF BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Some thoughts on this subject may not be out of place just now, before the contracts for the fall sales are generally entered into, as having a bearing on the price of these articles the coming autumn.

It is known that the limited supply of butter in the market, during the spring months, caused a demand for spring butter, which extended quite into the summer, and took off, not only the *hay butter*, but has also required a very considerable portion of that made in June, and even July. This fact alone has led many persons to apprehend a somewhat short supply, and consequent high prices in the coming autumn, a state of things which we did not, until recently, anticipate; for considering the great extent of the dairy districts, and their ability to produce almost unlimited quantities, it seemed probable that the supply would still be sufficient, for any demand which was likely to exist.

Another cause has, however, contributed in no small degree, to shorten the supply of dairy products, with the causes before referred to, to create a demand for such products, at prices above what could have been reasonably anticipated, had not the additional cause happened to exist. We refer, of course, to the extreme drought which has prevailed thus far this season, in all the State of New York, and we think to a considerable extent in the dairy regions of other States. This has been so severe as to cause short pastures, and must have the effect, even should there soon be copious rains, to render the quantity less this year than for several seasons past. How much the deficiency will be, and how it will affect, relatively, the two articles of butter and cheese, it is, of course, impossible to tell; but that it is considerable, no one can doubt. That the deficiency will exist in a greater degree in the article of butter than in cheese, is quite likely, on account of the greater quantities of the spring and summer supplies, which have been required from the new crop.

The question then arises, How are prices to be affected by this state of things? Will the short supply now anticipated be realized?—And if so, how will it affect the price of the article? These are questions which can probably be better solved by dealers, and those acquainted with the markets, than by us,—but we can do no less than call the attention of our readers to the subject, without undertaking to advise as to the course which would be most likely to prove profitable to the producer.

Contracts have been made for the season for butter, at prices ranging from 14 to 16 cents, by the hundred pounds, according to the known qualities of the dairy, and the favorable circumstances attending the sale. For cheese, the contract prices thus far have ranged at 5½ a 6¼ with occasional contracts for choice and well-known dairies, at much higher figures. How much, if any, these rates are to be advanced during the next four months, is a question which our readers, with the whole subject before them, must decide for themselves.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

THE CULTURE OF FLAX.—At the Annual Meeting of the Tippecanoe County (Indiana) Agricultural Society, the principal subject of discussion was the culture of flax, when the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, late Commissioner of Patents, stated that, "A Committee had been sent from Philadelphia to France, Holland, England and Prussia, for the purpose of examining the modes of cultivation, best soil, &c., and that the Committee had reported highly favorable as to the adaptation of our soil and climate for raising this important product.—The company who sent this mission abroad possessed a heavy capital, which they have invested in the manufacture of the article. They offered to make a contract with him for $100,000 worth, and they offered for flax, delivered in Philadelphia, equal to Russian, $250 per ton. Mr. E. stated that he had sent by mail for a sample of the quality, and intended to enter into the arrangement, provided a similar kind could be raised on the prairie lands. He had selected seven or eight different kinds of land, upon which he had sowed different kinds of seed, from one to two bushels to the acre, to test the yield of seed and lint. At the price named, the lint would be worth $40 per acre. There was a machine coming from Springfield for dressing flax. A man and boy with it work out one-and-a-half tons of stems a day. There can be fourteen bushels of seed raised to the acre. This will yield nett, $6. He had no question but that flax was the best article to cultivate in this country, as a greater value could be got into a smaller compass than of any other product our soil and climate could raise. If the oil should be manufactured here, the cake would furnish superior fattening food for cattle. It is now sold to export for that purpose.

"The flax-cotton, in the second process of preparation, has a strong resemblance to cotton, and is superior in many respects. It has a longer staple. The lint is hollow, cellular, like the human hair. In the chemical agencies employed to prepare it, soda is used to fill those cells. Then an application of a weak solution of sulphuric acid causes a contraction, which blows it up. The hypochloride of magnesia is then used to finishing it for spinning. Flax-cotton thus prepared, contains a felting quality, which cotton does not. While alkalies destroy high coloring in cotton, it does not in flax-cotton. The latter can be made a very high color. If one-half is mixed with silk, it is almost impossible to tell it from pure silk. It makes fine bagging in a common cotton-machine. A mowing-machine will cut the crop. A yield of ten bushels of seed and four hundred pounds of lint can be safely calculated to the acre. It can also be mixed with wool for Winter clothing. Flax-cotton bids fair to be an article of great export. Mr. Ellsworth had offered to raise one thousand acres for the Philadelphia company, if the quality would suit. He expected to see flax-cotton sent from here the same as cotton from the South."

BOB'S NOTION OF BOOK FARMING.—Bob, the farmer's son, thus expresses his notion of an improved system of farming in the Indiana Farmer:—

I have only to say to you, that I wish you would keep your agricultural paper to yourselves, and away from our house. Since the old man has been taking it there is no "rest for the wicked," certain. He keeps us hauling *muck*, (as he calls it,) manure—old ashes, and even makes us clean out the pig-pen and put the filth on the fields. Formerly there was some mercy shown the horses, for we ploughed only three or four inches deep, but now, nothing less than ten inches will do, and the corn ground is to be ploughed below that, with a new plough he has just bought.

The next thing, I presume, will be to take the bottom out of the well! We used to take the Palladium, and he would suck down the politics contained in it as gospel truths, and had plenty of time to spend half a day any time to talk about who should be elected, and who should not. But he don't read the paper now, and he is as anxious to get the Farmer, as he was formerly to have election day come round. He is all the time talking about new "fertilizers," new varieties of seed, who will get premiums, &c. He don't only talk either, but he makes us boys hoe to it from morning till night. We have had to tear down all the fences, and re-set them, and he has got the old lady in the notion of whitewashing the garden fence. What foolishness! and the plague of it is, we boys have it to do—just wasting the time we might spend in fishing. So keep your paper to yourselves and we will have some rest again.

AMERICAN TEA.—A writer in the National Intelligencer attempts to show, what we have no doubt might be demonstrated, that we might as well as not raise all the bohea and souchong, in this country, required for our tea tables. He estimates the value of coffee consumed in the United States, England, and France, at $60,000,000; tea, in Europe and America, at $55,000,000; and indigo, $21,000,000. He states that the genuine tea tree, in its full perfection, grows to a height of forty or fifty feet, and is cultivated from latitude 270 deg. to 32 deg. North latitude, under severe frosts and snows, and many of the mountains, high upon whose sides the plant grows, are capped with perpetual snow. The idea that tea will only flourish in a hot climate appears to be erroneous. He recommends the cultivation of both tea and indigo, for which the climate and soil of different sections of this country are well adapted. He says:—Tea can be procured in this country under seven cents a pound, calculating labor at fifty cents per diem. A tea plantation requires care the first and second years, after which it is a most hardy plant, and will yield tea for twenty-five to thirty years. So the only trouble is plucking the leaves and drying them, which is labor for women and children. A man actively engaged ten hours of the day may collect fifty or sixty pounds of green leaf, and another would manufacture them, and the quantity of dried tea would be twelve-and-a-half to fifteen pounds. A fair plantation would produce 800 pounds per acre. I have made as much as 400 pounds per acre in the year in some land I hold on the West of China.

The Olio.

DARK HOURS.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Oh, my tried soul, be patient!—[illegible]
Fold over summer foliage; [illegible]
[illegible]
The green graves [illegible] where the weary sleep,
[illegible]
[illegible]. The darkest [illegible]
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell,
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.
Oh, my tried soul, be patient!—Yet for thee,
[illegible] of life;
God, the One-Giver, [illegible]
[illegible]
Of Thy [illegible] light;
Now strength to do and suffer, new resolves,
[illegible] hope!
Oh, there are times when I can no more weep
That I have suffered, for I have grown strength
In love of suffering; and I count this calm,
Wrapt in the dry husk of my outer life,
[illegible] than ever yet have burst
From its dull covering; stronger purposes
Stir [illegible], and make the great
With a new life—a life akin to God's—
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me, Thou great All-Father! for the flesh
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fail;
Add to my human, Thy divine strength,
When next I waver; nerve my faith anew,
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads—to Thee.

MRS. CROWE ON FEMALE LOVE.—We think the following remarks must be more applicable to English than to American society. In this country marrying "for love," is certainly the rule, and not the exception:—

"How few women have ever been in love! How few even marry from affection! They marry because they are asked, and because the marriage is suitable. It is their vocation to be married; parents approve, and they have no other attachment. Any observant person living in society, where there is a constant marrying and giving in marriage, must be struck with this fact. Cupid's quiver must be unfurnished, or his arrows blunt—he pierces few hearts now. I incline to think that a girl really in love—one who bore the evident symptoms of the malady—would be thought very improper; yet I have often fancied that there must be a man born in the world for every woman; one whom to see would be to love, to reverence, to adore; one with whom her sympathies would so entirely blend, that she would recognize him at once her true lord. Now and then these pairs come together; and woe to her who meets this other self too late! Women would be more humble and more merciful if they did not, through ignorance and thoughtlessness, measure the temptations of others by their own experience."

CURIOSITY OF ANIMALS.—In conversation with a gentleman who had crossed the plains to California, he informed us of the curious mode of shooting the antelope. His party had often tried to shoot one, but they were so timorous they never could get within shooting distance of them. They met a party in which there was a U. S. officer, and to him mentioned the difficulty of getting a shot at an antelope. Oh, says he, it is the most easy thing in the world—I will show you how to do it. Next day they saw a troop of antelopes, and the U. S. officer approached as near as he thought was prudent, before they would take flight; he then laid down on the ground, waved a handkerchief, and made some antic movements. The antelopes having their bump of curiosity excited, approached gradually nearer and nearer to see the row, until they were within thirty rods, when bang went the rifle and down came a fine buck. By manoeuvring in this manner with a troop of antelopes, the party never afterwards had much trouble in alluring them to within range of the deadly American rifle.—*Scientific American.*

WHO WROTE CHARLES DICKENS?—The following is literally a fact:

A friend of ours was, one day last week, asked by a lady, whose knowledge of the fashions exceeded her acquaintance with literature, "Who wrote Charles Dickens?" He almost reeled with surprise, and could only echo the query.

"Yes, who was the author of Charles Dickens?" proceeded the lady.

Our friend thought that the author of Dickens had a very sublime and awful name, but mindful of the fourth commandment, he held his peace.

"Was it not," continued the querist, "Fox, or Box, or some such name?"

"Ah," our friend replied, "you are right, madam; Boz was the author of Charles Dickens." And the lady was perfectly satisfied.

THE DEAD LAMB.—We saw a very beautiful thing a few days since, in the yard of the Lockport Marble Factory. It was a small slab of pure white marble, upon which was carved a dead lamb. The idea forced itself upon us irresistibly, that it was to mark the resting-place of a child, and that exquisite poem of Longfellow's commencing—

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But *one* dead lamb is there,"

came to mind as naturally as sunlight.

CATCHING FLIES.—The Prairie Farmer tells how they catch flies in England. It is done by "fly-papers," and the process is called "fly torture," on account of the manner in which the insects have their feet fastened in the "seeds." The article used is resin and sweet oil mixed, and spread over the surface of a newspaper, and then slightly sprinkled with sugar dust. The moment the fly puts down his foot he is fast. They are thus caught with great rapidity. The "torture" appears to consist in a want of liberty to go where they please.

LYING.—There is no vice which more easily than this stupefies a man's conscience. He who tells lies frequently, will soon become an habitual liar; and an habitual liar will soon lose the power of readily distinguishing between the conceptions of the imagination and recollections of his memory. I have known a few who seemed to have arrived at this most deplorable moral condition. Let every one, therefore, beware of the most distant approaches of this most detestable vice.—*Dr. Wayland.*

For Housekeepers.

GINGER FRUIT CAKE.—Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two pounds of flour, six eggs, one quart of molasses, one pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, two table-spoonsful of ginger, one table-spoonful of saleratus, two table-spoonsful of cinnamon. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Add to this the eggs well beaten, then the ginger and cinnamon, and molasses and flour. Stir all very hard. Flour the fruit, and stir in last with the saleratus. Line your pan with several thicknesses of buttered paper, pour in the mixture, and bake in a slow oven.

GINGER-NUTS.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, two ounces of ginger, half an ounce of ground cloves and allspice mixed, two table-spoonsful of cinnamon, as much flour as will form a dough. Stir the butter and sugar together. Add the spice, ginger, molasses, and flour enough to form a dough. Knead it well, make it out in small cakes, bake them on tins in a very moderate oven. Wash them over with molasses and water before they are put in to bake.

SUGAR CAKE.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three eggs, milk enough to form a dough. Beat the butter and sugar together. Whisk the eggs light and add them, then stir in the milk and flour alternately, so as to form a dough. Roll it out, cut it in cakes, and bake them in a moderate oven.

FEDERAL CAKE.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, the juice of one lemon, one table spoonful of dissolved saleratus, two tea-spoonsful of cinnamon, milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together, add the sugar and beaten egg, then the saleratus, lemon, cinnamon, and milk. Roll out the dough in sheets, cut the cakes in the form of a diamond, and bake in a tolerably hot oven.—*National Cook Book.*

CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT.—We are indebted to a friend for the following recipe for making blackberry syrup. This syrup is said to be almost a specific for the Summer Complaint. In 1832 it was successful in more than one case of Cholera. The fruit is now in market, and the present is the proper time to make it.

To 2 quarts of juice of blackberries, add
1 pound of loaf sugar,
½ oz. nutmeg, ½ oz. cinnamon, pulverized.
½ oz. cloves, ½ oz. allspice, do.

Boil together for a short time, and when cold add a pint of fourth proof brandy.

You will save many bitter tears by publishing the above in your valuable paper. From a teaspoonful to a wine-glass, according to the age of the patient, till relieved, is to be given. It may spoil practice; but it will save life.—*New York Evening Post.*